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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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EVERY MAN IN HIS OWN TONGUE

See
Below

A GENEVA WONDER

EVERY MAN HEARING HIS OWN LANGUAGE

How Science Gets Rid of the
Modern Babel

MARVELS OF TRANSLATION

There is to be perpetual Pentecost at Geneva, for if the experiment succeeds that is now being tried at the International Labour Conference each speaker will be heard by his audience in a number of languages.

The C.N. recorded some months ago a scheme by which interpreters in an ante-room behind the platform were to receive each speech by telephone and re-telephone it, duly translated, to delegates with headphones in the audience. It is now stated that this scheme has been perfected.

Direct from the Platform

The interpreters are not in an ante-room but on the platform quite close to the speaker. While he is speaking in his own language they are murmuring their translations into microphones. It sounds an impossible thing to do, but the interpreters have found that the exertion is less, and the translation more satisfactory, than if they waited till the end of the speech and translated from their notes.

The microphone into which the interpreter speaks is encased in rubber sponge to prevent vibration and has been so damped (as it is called) that it transmits only the words murmured close to it.

The delegate at the receiving end has a headphone in the form of ear-plugs like those of a doctor's stethoscope, so that he is not distracted by other sounds but hears only what comes to him from the microphone. On the table before each delegate is a dial with a switch and pointer which he can point to the language he desires, and a knob with which he can control the strength of the transmission of the interpreter's murmur, duly magnified.

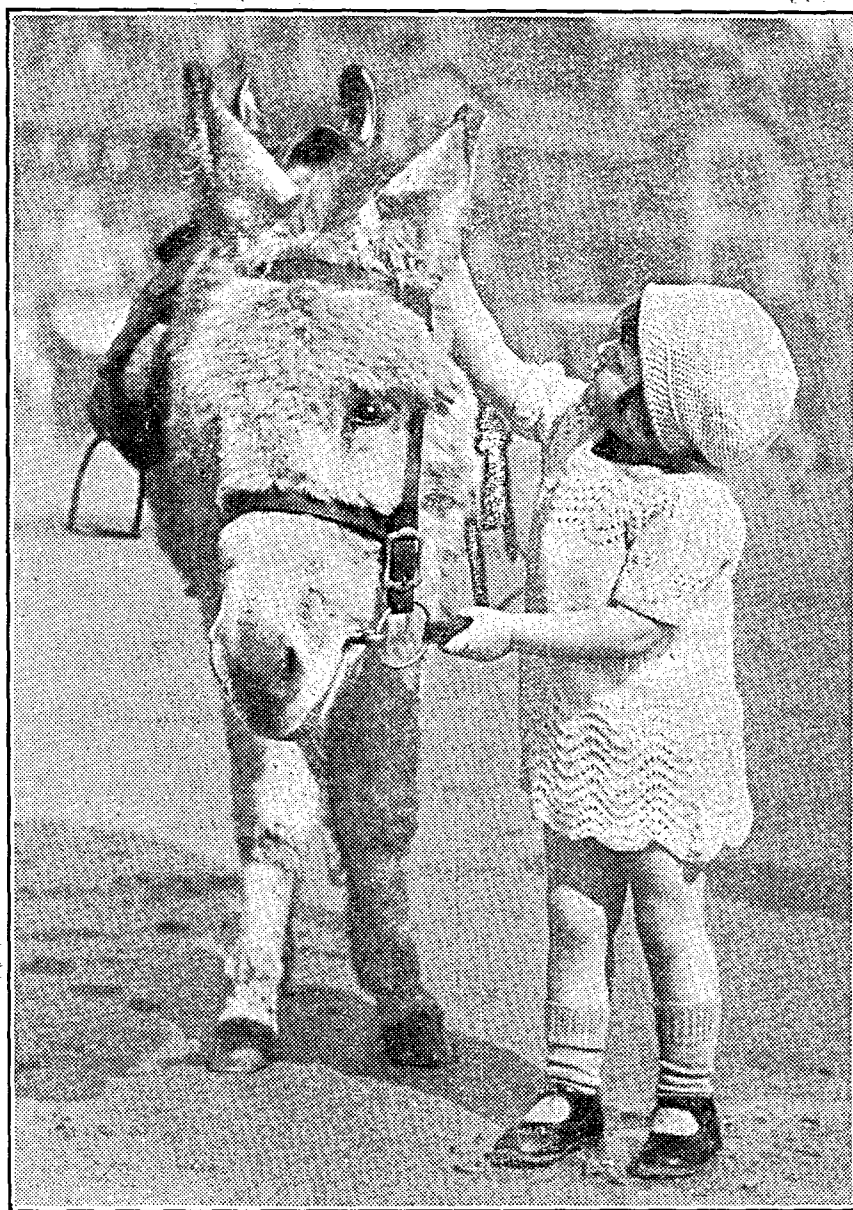
An Englishman's Invention

The languages supplied in the first instance are the official languages of the League (English, French, and German), but there is no reason why in time these should not be indefinitely multiplied, so that every man may listen to the speeches in his own tongue.

The scheme is the invention of an Englishman, and has been elaborated in a laboratory in Geneva provided by an American at his own expense. Developments are being worked out for transmitting both the speech and its translation to the offices of the permanent staff of the I.L.O., and for making permanent records of them.

Anyone who has been at meetings where even only a few speeches by foreigners have to be translated into English will realise what enormous saving in time and fatigue such a contrivance involves.

Happy Hours on the Sands



Neddy is the great seaside friend of children. This donkey has just made an early appearance for the summer season, and the little girl is no doubt discussing with him the happy hours they hope to have together scampering across the sands.

TWO WOMEN FAR FROM HOME

A Chinese C.N. reader in Java sends us this note on the work of two Englishwomen among his countrymen.

ONE is an Englishwoman who married a Dutchman, and came to Java.

They were religious and charitable people, and started a home and school for wayside waifs, usually the native Javanese. They depended on the generosity of neighbours and of the big British business firms. The home got bigger as time went on.

One day the husband died. The home could not be closed down and the children turned out of doors, and there was only one thing to do. The good work must be carried on. So alone this brave English lady is now supporting fifty or sixty native children, teaching them, caring for them, mothering them.

She lives at Salatiga, a health resort among the hills behind Samarang, the seaport of middle Java. Whenever she goes to any of the British firms to ask for

help the people there will ask what they can do for her, and if it is not time that she retired. "Oh, no, no," she will reply, shaking her head sadly, "never mind about me. How can I leave my children?" Thus year after year this brave woman goes on bearing her voluntary cross.

There is another English lady. She wears a white uniform, with two pieces of red flannel on her collar and the letter S on each piece. She tramps the hot and dusty streets of the town. She is collecting what she can to help support a leper station. She goes from Chinese shop to Chinese shop, and the Chinese are wonderfully kind to her.

She is old enough to deserve a quiet nook near some homely hearth in England, with grandchildren round her knees; but here she is, trudging along. Her step is light and her face is always very cheerful, for is she not bent on God's errand?

THE WORLD LOSES A FOLKMOT

ONE MORE OLD THING GONE

How Uri Has Governed Itself
for Six Hundred Years

END OF THE SHOW OF HANDS

One of the oldest of Europe's popular assemblies has decided to abolish itself. It is the Landsgemeinde of Uri, one of the three cantons whose Everlasting League formed the foundation of the Swiss Confederation.

The Landsgemeinde is an open-air assembly of the whole adult male population, the sovereign authority of the canton, and it has met uninterruptedly on the first Sunday in May (except during five years of Napoleon's rule) ever since it voted itself into the League.

A Common Heritage

These tribal assemblies, or Folkmoets, were a common heritage of the German peoples, but elsewhere they gave place to meetings of elders and ultimately to elected bodies. Even in Switzerland, as the centuries passed, they gave place to elective assemblies in the more populous cantons.

So far from leaving affairs in the hands of the eldersmen, membership of the Landsgemeinde began for centuries at 14. Then the age was raised to 16, then to 18, while today it stands at 20. The Landsgemeinde has a chairman or president called the Landammann, and a standing administrative committee (the Landrat) which legislates on minor matters. Presumably this body, enlarged or as it stands, will take over the duties of the Landsgemeinde.

There is, of course, good reason for the change, sad as we may think it on historical grounds. At the dawn of its history the Uri Landsgemeinde had a membership of a thousand; now it has grown to five thousand (representing a population five times that number), and it is obviously difficult for a body of that size to carry on orderly debates.

Community of Sturdy Peasants

Efforts were made to control the order of business and the matters to be discussed, but the people of Uri, unlike some of their neighbours, successfully maintained the right of any one of them, or any group of them, to submit what proposals they chose.

Uri is the canton through which the mountain torrent of the Reuss hurls itself into Lake Lucerne, and through which the railway winds its way up to the St. Gotthard Tunnel. It is a simple community of peasants, and here, if anywhere, the survival of primitive democracy might have been thought possible. We do not doubt that its sturdy peasants will manage to impose their will through their chosen representatives as effectively as they have imposed it for six hundred years by word of mouth and show of hands.

THE PALACE OF EMPIRE

WONDERFUL PLACE WAITING FOR YOU

London's Best Picture House
Free For Everybody

GREAT SCENES OF THE WORLD

The C.N. has said often, and says once more, that it is a very sad thing to see one of the finest pleasure palaces in London not better known. If a few thousands of the people who spend their money in picture palaces would keep their money and spend their time in the Imperial Institute at South Kensington they would be wiser and richer too. It is all so fascinating that it should be crowded every day.

Vistas of Vast Continents

Here you can see diorama pictures, partly painted, partly modelled, magically lighted up, of parts of the world which belong as much to England as Piccadilly. From the beginning to the end of that huge building we see things that concern our Empire: pictures and objects from distant parts of the world where our friends or relations live, where our forefathers went to blaze a trail, where explorers endured suffering and imperilled their lives to plant the British flag. We can see ports, mountains, rivers, cataracts, great vistas of vast continents; and if we have any imagination at all we cannot help being thrilled to think that over all these places the British flag is floating.

We can also see, most wonderfully set out, the things which the far countries send back to England, their mother. We can buy postcards, too, and charming little penny packets of the Empire's goods. Every day at the Imperial Institute, which is always open free, there are four cinema shows, also free.

Delightful New Dioramas

London boys and girls especially should feel it a disgrace not to know the Imperial Institute from end to end, so that they can take visitors round and say "This is ours." There are some delightful new dioramas now lighted up and beckoning down the halls. One in particular, which fascinated one reader of the C.N. considerably, is of the Victoria Falls, and has only been produced after much labour and experiment. In its way it is a work of genius. We can see the great stretch of the foaming Falls and the clouds of spray; we can almost hear their thunder. We think of the men who discovered them, the Dark Continent now being lighted up as this picture is, and the triumphant progress of justice and fair play in that wonderful old part of the world.

For a great day of infinite delight, for an entertaining day that will cost you nothing, for a memory you will never want to lose, this Palace of the Empire is not to be beaten.

A CRIPPLE AND HIS WONDERFUL LIFE

Engineer and Artist Who Never Walked

A very remarkable man has just died, still under 60, at Louisville, Kentucky.

He was a cripple from early childhood, yet most of his life he worked 17 hours a day, always in a wheeled chair.

Too delicate for school, he educated himself. When he was eight he built a working steam-engine. He built and worked a lathe of his own design. He invented packing for engine cylinders which, with his lathe for shells and heavy artillery, proved of great value during the war.

Yet he found time to become a distinguished painter, with pictures in European and American collections, and he was an authority on languages, history, and law!

GOOD NEWS FOR SIXTY

A Wonderful Machine

FINDING OUT IF YOU ARE FIT

Once upon a time people said that it was better to be employed by a single master than by a company. A company was a vague thing without soul or body.

But now that is changed. Medical officers of health say that the South Metropolitan Gas Company is an example to employers throughout the country because it looks after the welfare of its workpeople so well and so intelligently.

It has recently led the way by installing an electric cardiograph and X-ray apparatus. This appears to be the first time an industrial firm has made use of such a device.

The Arbitrary Age-Limit

The workpeople will be examined regularly, and when signs of heart trouble are detected they will be given rest and treatment at once. Usually this trouble is not discovered till it is too late, and so many people wear out early through strain of work that most employers force workers to retire at 65. A man is reduced to idleness on a tiny pension even if he loves his work, earns a high wage, and is quite strong.

But the cardiograph will be able to prove which men are fit at 65 and which are past work, so that the arbitrary age-limit could now be abolished. If it is, one of the nightmares of middle-aged people will disappear, and employers will benefit from the skill and experience of the elderly workman.

If Lord Balfour can play a good game of tennis at 79, then Tom Smith has a right to a job at 70. The use of the cardiograph by employers will help us to believe in Robert Browning's promise:

Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be.

WITH BOURNEMOUTH'S COMPLIMENTS

The Seashore Comes to Children

SAND BY THE TON

What a topsy-turvy world it is! The seashore has decided to go to children. Once children went to the seashore, and it was a very one-sided affair, but now they can exchange visits.

It must not be thought that Mother Earth has said to Brighton or Eastbourne: "You are looking rather tired, my dear. I shall send you away for a holiday. A change of air will do you good." No; the seaside is not going away for its own sake.

This is how it happened. Birmingham sent a letter to Bournemouth about city children who had no meadows or shore to play upon and no money for holidays. And Birmingham spoke of making a great playground for these children, and asked Bournemouth to give 50 tons of sand. Bournemouth agreed, as the C.N. has already announced.

So 50 tons of seashore are going away to visit the children of Birmingham. Never did any traveller take so little luggage, or say such short farewells; but few travellers will be more welcome.

Sand makes the driest, cleanest, and safest outdoor playground a child can have; and the mother who has a cart-load of sand dumped in a corner of her garden will find that it keeps a baby happier than a dozen toys.

It almost seems as if Dame Nature gave its sand as a plaything, and men have never invented anything better.

WELL AND NOBLY SAID

A Frenchman on Our Own Land

WHAT BRITAIN HAS DONE FOR THE WORLD

It is with a little pardonable pride that we pass on this tribute by a Frenchman to our own country. It is from a letter to The Times by Professor La Cecilia, Lycée de Foix, who suggests that if there were an international prize for world service it should be given to England.

You delivered Europe and ourselves from the tyranny of Napoleon, whose régime has been called by a French thinker "the military orgy." You succeeded in that great undertaking, although you had a very small army and scanty resources at your disposal. But you knew how to make good use of them. England knows how to rise to any emergency.

Now for British generosity. A considerable number of our political refugees, monarchs or private citizens, found in England the comfort and assistance denied them in their own country. Such a fact speaks highly in favour of the moral standard of a nation.

After the War

After the Great War, although sorely tried yourselves and confronted with so many economic difficulties, you came to the help of France, adopting 100 towns and villages of our devastated area. You declined to try to attempt to stamp Germany out of existence; you thought you must be merciful to those who are fallen, however cruel the enemy may have been to you.

The benefactress of mankind, England works with earnest zeal and more than any other nation for the success of the League of Nations.

Other nations are frequently inclined to treat England unfairly; often your intentions are misinterpreted through ignorance and bad faith. England often reminds me of the picture of the Just Man in Plato's Republic. Of course, I know that, according to the Greek philosopher, in the midst of his torments the just man is supposed to be happier than those who persecute him; but such happiness is only negative. England is entitled to a better recognition of her services. It is high time that the other nations should pay to England the tribute she deserves.

BARRY PAIN

A Smile We Lose With a Sigh

The death of Barry Pain thins very sadly a little group of engaging writers who came to be known in the early nineties as sketchy humorists who in prose serve much the same purpose as the artists in Punch when they make us laugh, not unkindly, at the unconscious quaintness of rather pompous people.

Mr. Pain had been busy with his pen while he was still at Cambridge, and when he began to use it to earn a living he soon found a popular line of portraiture in the humbler ranks of Suburbia, among those who seldom suspect how funny they are. He was one of the humorists whose work the Editor of the C.N. had the happiness of publishing in the first London paper he edited.

He was a clever parodist, and wrote well in several veins, but he will remain best known by his Eliza tales, which frolic with people a stage above the life that has provided Pett Ridge with his characters.

The laughter with which Barry Pain reproved pompous pretension without too much sting will be missed with a sigh.

SANCTUARY

Story of a Cathedral Door

WHAT THE SCHOOLGIRLS FOUND

A party of schoolgirls were going round Durham Cathedral, and they particularly wanted to see the famous knocker on one of the cathedral doors.

This knocker, which was made in the 12th century, has long been called a sanctuary knocker. No one is quite sure about it, but as Durham had considerable rights of sanctuary there is no reason why it should not be a sanctuary knocker.

The schoolgirls knew all about the sanctuary, knew that if a person flying from justice might reach the sanctuary of the church he would at any rate be sure of a fair hearing. They pictured unhappy men toiling up that steep way to the cathedral close and imagined the joy with which they seized the sanctuary knocker and hammered on the door.

The Nest in the Knocker

The verger took them round and stood aside while they examined it, and to their great astonishment there was a bird's nest in the knocker! They examined it closely and saw that a pair of sparrows had made a home there. It seemed to them a delightful thing for birds to nest in that venerable spot, knowing they would be safe. The verger, as we may well believe, was amazed. He had been there 30 years, and no one had claimed sanctuary during that time.

The girls went away with oddly-mixed impressions of the great cathedral on the rock with its stupendous pillars and massive walls, built to be "half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot"; and now, whenever they think of Norman architecture, they will remember a sparrow's nest.

THINGS SAID

Why not tax lipstick? *Mr. R. Besley*
Women do not want keeping in cotton wool. *Mrs. Baldwin*

Henry Ford has made a lady of Lizzie at last. *Popular song*

We talk about books more than we read them. *Mr. W. B. Maxwell*

I believe there is a boom in temperance in this country. *Mr. Philip Snowden*

Man most lives when he lives dangerously. *Sir Arthur Keith*

Young people of today can dance all night and play all day. *Mr. A. A. Fletcher-Jones*

It is better to wait a minute until the road is clear than to be dead for ever. *Mr. Ingleby Oddie*

Bolshevism stands for the annihilation of freedom and the abolition of religion. *Sir Ian Hamilton*

It is possible to create a world that would be free from disease and illness. *Dr. Cyril Norwood*

A boy who keeps the Scout spirit is a good-mannered young gentleman. *Sir Charles Bright*

Criminals will one day have injections of something that will make them useful citizens. *Dean Inge*

You can never inspire more confidence in others than you have in yourself. *Mme. Tamara Karsavina*

In London before the war you tripped over shoeblacks; today you would lose your eyesight looking for one. *Mr. A. Maclaren*

The habit of moulding all children to the same pattern is luckily gone. It was deplorable. I know, because I suffered from it.

Queen Victoria's daughter Louise

RAMSARUP

A VILLAGE HAMPDEN

A Tragic Story With a Glow of Hope in It

STORY THAT IS RINGING THROUGH INDIA

India, like England, has had her village Hampdens, men who were as dauntless in defying tyranny as any Cromwell or Lincoln, yet men of whom the world has never heard.

Just such a humble hero as Gray described in his famous Elegy was Ramsarup. No one would have known about him if it had not been for the manner of his death.

Ramsarup was a Brahmin, which means that he belonged to the highest Hindu caste. It is believed by the Hindus that men were originally divided into four castes and given certain duties. The highest-caste men were to be priests and teachers, the second-caste men were to be warriors, and the third farmers, traders, and usurers, while the only duty of those in the fourth caste was to serve the others and honour them.

True to His Principles

No man might follow the occupations of another caste, and so caste is something like a trade union in one respect. Some people regard it as a valuable social organisation, and only a very few Indians will contemplate giving up the caste system.

Ramsarup was one of these rare men. He could not endure seeing the low-caste men of the village being treated as if they were unspeakably vile. Caste rules forbid a high-caste man to eat with one of low caste, or even to eat food prepared by him. But Ramsarup the Brahmin broke these rules, and all the Brahmins of the village hated him for it.

Family love is very strong in India, yet when his family told him to choose between them and his low-caste friends Ramsarup was true to his principles, and in defence of them he stood alone with his wife and the oppressed.

The climax came when the low-caste men told him that the other Brahmins would not accept their offerings at the temple. Ramsarup said, "Make a temple of your own, and I will help you."

A Double Sacrifice

Then the hatred of the Brahmins passed all bounds. Nine of them went to his house with iron-shod staves and beat him to death. His young wife of 18 tried to come between him and the murderers, but they threw her aside. She would not live without him and flung herself upon his funeral pyre and was burned.

It is a tale of horror and tragedy, but it is also a tale of hope. Ramsarup's story has rung through India, filling the best Hindus with admiration for his courage and with horror at his assassins, who have all been transported for life. They have just appealed against the sentence in vain.

As a reformer Ramsarup might have helped the oppressed of his village only, but as a martyr he has done something for all the untouchables of India. He has lit a candle that will not soon go out, a candle of hope.

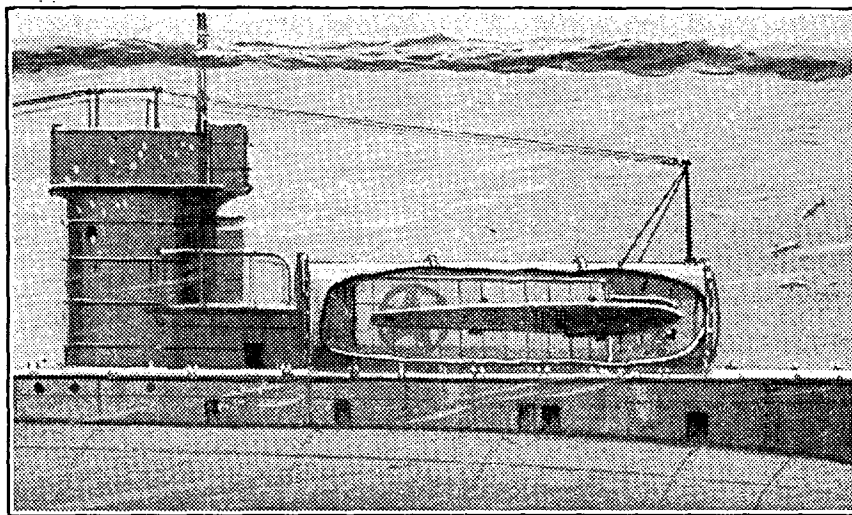
A GRAIN OF RICE

At Shirahama in Japan a laboratory has been established for the study of marine flora and fauna by Kyoto University.

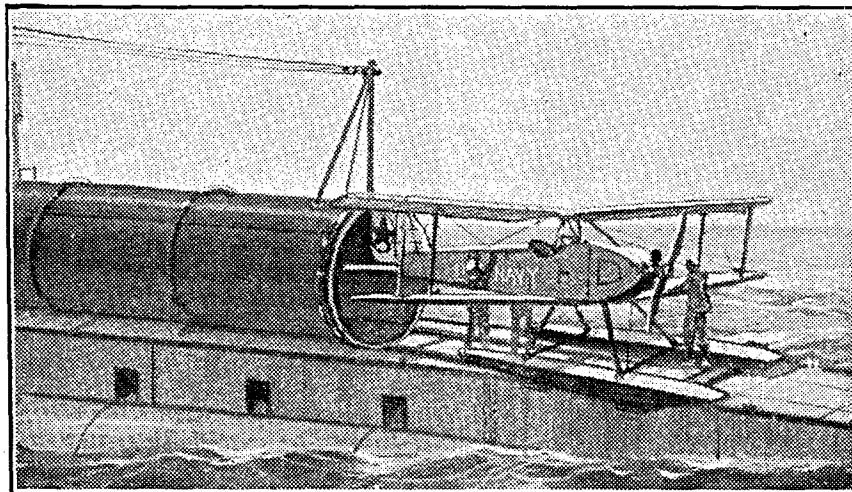
They do very delicate work there, and as a proof of it one of the professors gave an English visitor the other day a single grain of rice on which he had written the English alphabet and some Japanese signs as well.

If Titania ever wants a writing master for the infant heir to the throne of Fairyland she will seek him in Japan.

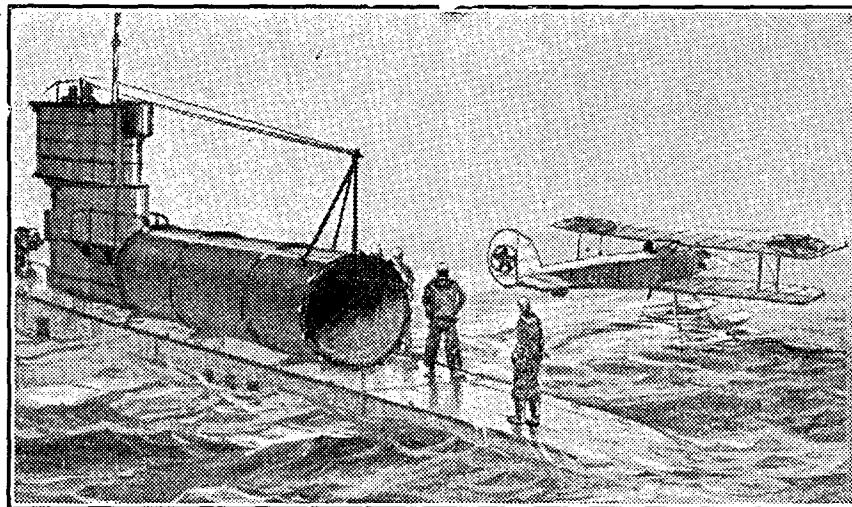
THE SUBMARINE'S NEW EYE



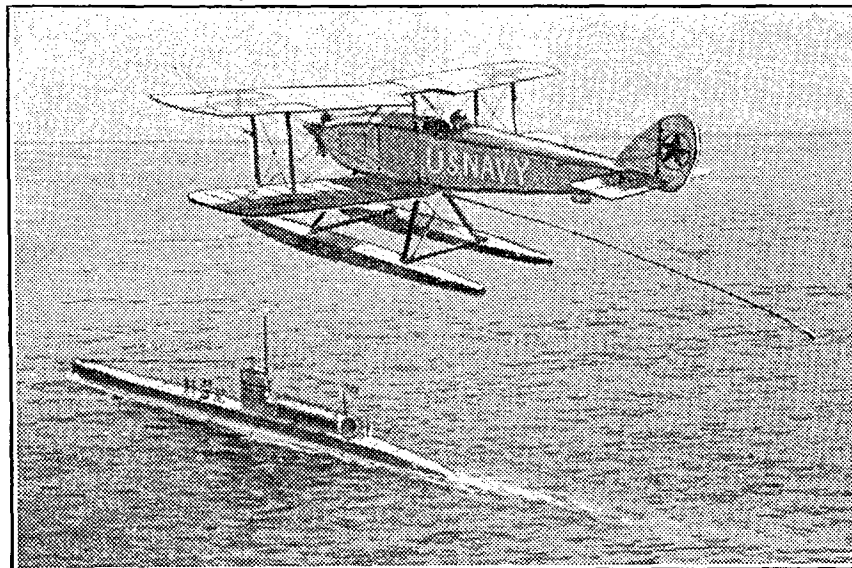
The submarine under water with the folded seaplane in its cylinder (shown cut away)



Assembling the seaplane on the deck of the submarine



The seaplane ready for flight



The new eye of the submarine in operation

For years the submarine has been greatly handicapped in its range of vision owing to its low position in the water. During the war some of the German undersea-boats carried seaplanes which could be assembled on the deck and used as scouts, and today both the British and United States Navies have submarines which carry seaplanes as a regular equipment. These pictures show us how the aerial scout is carried, and how it takes off from an American submarine.

FALSTAFF AND HIS LEGIONS

A POLICEMAN'S GIRTH

The Men of Massive Mould in Shakespeare and Dickens

EXCELLENT COMPANY

There is a whisper in London police circles that plump constables are in danger of official disfavour; that they must reduce their girth.

If that should be true, then away go our Hamlets and Falstuffs, our Pickwickian fat boys and our uniformed representatives of Daniel Lambert, the great athlete who weighed 52 stones and wore a waistcoat, still exhibited at King's Lynn, with a girth of 102 inches.

Julius Caesar would have loved our men of massive mould. "Let me have men about me who are fat," he said to Brutus; "Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights." He liked not the lean and hungry look of Cassius. "He thinks too much!" Shakespeare could not give him a Falstaff, for this merry rogue, one of the greatest figures of fun in the world's literature, belongs to a period 1600 years later, to the madcap days of Henry the Fifth.

Falstaff's Wit and Weight

Much play is made by the poet of the jovial giant's inches, though it is the wit and not the weight of Falstaff that makes him live for ever as the king of laughter. "I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men," the plump knight rightly says; but the comedy is irresistible when, in Prince Hal's pretended willingness to act the highwayman and rob the carriers on Gad's Hill, Falstaff's horse is stolen.

Sir John must walk, and that is not only an indignity but an intolerable toil to him. "Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough," he groans.

There is always a question as to the exact meaning of Hamlet's wish that his "too, too solid flesh" might melt, but there can be little doubt that Shakespeare drew him as a man of substantial proportions, for in the fatal duel scene, as Hamlet fights Laertes, his mother says "He's fat and scant of breath."

The Fat Boy in Pickwick

Literature in general agrees with Caesar in representing men of generous build as easy-tempered, happy souls, but there is a notable exception, the formidable Count Fosco, of Wilkie Collins, who combines plumpness with villainy and a passion for little birds. Still amiability generally has it, though Mr. Wardle's fat boy in Pickwick once indulges a furious fancy to make the old lady's blood freeze with the tale of his observations of the fickle Mr. Jingle.

In the last resort we can fall back on Mr. Chesterton, who, if he would fill two constables' uniforms, has something of the lightness of wit and fancy of a Falstaff, with the true note of the soulful poet. The large policemen are in excellent company.

FOUR POWERS IN ONE ENGINE

A Remarkable Achievement

Something quite new in the way of locomotives has just been completed for service on the New York Central Railroad.

It can either run under its own power from electricity generated by its oil-engines, or can collect electricity from overhead wires or from the rails. Without the use of its oil-engines it can run for ten hours from its own accumulators. It has thus four means of propulsion, and the change-over from one source of power to another is automatic.

This is the first of a new type of engine designed for working in the big freight yards of America.

LIFE IN THE DESERT

DO ANIMALS LIVE WITHOUT WATER?

The Explanation of a Great Natural Mystery

SAVING THE LITTLE

One of the grown-up papers has been discussing the old and interesting problem as to how animals live in the desert and whether they actually do without water. The answer is an emphatic No, for moisture is always present in their food.

No matter how dry the material may seem to us, it does contain moisture, even if it be the texture which the detestable clothes moth picks from our garments and tapestries. But the diet of desert-dwellers is much more liberally furnished with moisture.

What the Sand-Grouse Does

A herb-eating insect preys upon vegetation which is practically proof against evaporation and stores fluid jealously within its tough, resistant skin. The insect-eaters derive juices from the life-forms which have fed on the vegetation. They are thus satisfied in the same way as a fish. No fish drinks. It obtains all the moisture it needs from the flesh of its victim or, in the tinier kinds, from the diatoms.

There is a beautiful example of adaptation to surroundings in the sand-grouse, a true desert bird. It must have real water to drink, and so must its young; yet the nest is not made beside the waters of an oasis, or by the fluctuating lakes and pools. During nursery times the parent birds fly miles night and morning to water, drink, and then soak their under-feathers.

Old Sandy's Ingenious Device

Straightway they return to the nest, where the young grouse, taking the wet feathers in their beaks, drain them of water and so quench their thirst. Old Sandy, the late king of the oranges at the Zoo, used to amuse and gratify himself by thrusting straws into water contained in a trough outside his cage and then suck them dry. The marvel in his case was that he had taught himself to count up to five; and it was always a bunch of five straws that he used for water-collecting.

Animals derive unsuspected supplies of fluid by such means in arid conditions, only there is no trough available, but what we might describe as natural dew-ponds (if they are dew-ponds) on the substances on which they rely.

The Jerboa's Reservoir

One excellent amateur observer caught and tamed a jerboa on the outpost of the Sinai Desert during the war. There was no natural food for it save dried and withered grass, but in the morning the little animal was seen to pass the grass-blades rapidly between its jaws and across its tongue without biting. The grass, when examined, proved to be covered with tiny beads of dew. That was the jerboa's well and reservoir.

Larger animals, such as the giraffes and antelopes, which wander off into the heart of the great Kalahari Desert pass weeks without a draught of water. To them herbage, the product of the rainy season, is both meat and drink.

Desert animals dissipate but little moisture. A camel can hardly be said ever to sweat, for that would be a dangerous waste of moisture needed for the sustenance of the body. These creatures find all the moisture they need in their food, and Nature enables them to manage with little and to conserve that little as well as the scanty vegetation that grows in the desert.

THE FOUNTAIN OF ELIA

LONDON HAS A NEW DREAM-PLACE

Remembering Charles Lamb in Old Temple Gardens

THE LITTLE FIGURES HE LOVED

A delightful thing has happened. London has another fountain, and it is in memory of one of London's best-loved men, Charles Lamb.

It is called the Fountain of Elia, a beautiful phrase, like a line of poetry, and it is built in Temple Gardens, in sight of the house where Charles Lamb was born about 150 years ago.

We have often had a secret thought about Charles Lamb. We think he would have loved the C.N. He shared its ideals. He loved beautiful things and humble, brave people; he looked for goodness shining like a bright flower in the world's dark places, and he found it. He was often smiling, a whimsical smile that sometimes hid a very sad heart. Whoever is forgotten Charles Lamb should be remembered, and he could not have a better memorial than the Fountain of Elia.

Fountains and Sundials

He loved fountains, as he loved imaginative things, people, and books. His own spirit and fine fancy played like delicate fountain streams on the hum-drum world about him. Is all the world grown up? he once said mournfully. Is childhood dead? Lawyers, I suppose, were children once.

He was having a dig, as we should say, at lawyers, because the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn had allowed to be demolished a fountain he had loved as a child, when he wandered from the Temple up Chancery Lane into Lincoln's Inn. In this essay in which he tells of this fountain, "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," he had been grumbling because clocks were taking the place of the sundial which had stood, he said, as the garden god of Christian gardens. Sundials were disappearing, and the fountains of the metropolis also.

Most of them are dried up or bricked over (he wrote), yet where one is left, as in that little green nook behind the South Sea House, what a freshness it gives to the dreary pile! Four little winged marble boys used to play their virgin fancies, spouting out ever fresh streams from their innocent lips in the square of Lincoln's Inn when I was no bigger than they were figured. They are gone, and the spring choked up. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. Then why not gratify children by letting them stand?

A Mass of Cars

The fountain in the little green nook has gone, and the South Sea House, as well as the marble boys no bigger than little Charles Lamb in Lincoln's Inn. King's Bench Walk in the Temple, where he played, and watched the wise men go by, is from morning to night one solid mass of cars. You never see a lawyer or a private gentleman ride his horse through the great gates now. Elia would not have known his Temple, in some aspects. But the river and the trees and the buildings, and that indescribable spiritual quality of the past, have made of it a very special place.

The Fountain of Elia could not have had a lovelier setting.

30,000 CENTENARIANS

The latest census returns show that there are five-millions more women than men in Russia, the total population being 147 millions.

It is said that throughout the Russian Republic there are 30,000 people one hundred years old, the great majority of them being women.

THE GREAT SWARM OF LOCUSTS

Strange Sight in Palestine

A large swarm of flying locusts entered Palestine from Transjordan in the evening and settled densely over an area of five square miles. The Tiberias and Nazareth Field Companies, working all night by moonlight with 16 flame-guns, destroyed a large proportion of the swarm; the remnant left in the morning and passed into Syrian territory.

News telegram

It reads like a bulletin in the Great War. We hope there are field companies in Syria as ready as those of Tiberias and Nazareth.

It is only when adult locusts multiply beyond the food supply of their natural haunts that they migrate in swarms, and, caught by the drift of the wind, are carried into other lands. Thus, it is pointed out, migrating locusts are necessarily hungry locusts, which may account for the fact that when they are about to swarm their colour changes from a dull, yellowy green to bright red!

It will be seen that the field companies of Palestine have a way of their own of dealing with them; but science is anxious to learn a great deal more about them than it knows.

THE PEACE OF WINDERMERE

Is It to Pass Away?

A motor-boat expected to move at the rate of 90 miles an hour has been taken to Windermere to race on the lake.

Windermere is a little over ten miles long, so that if the islands can be avoided and no one gets in the way this motor-boat can do the whole length in about six minutes.

But what a thing to do on Windermere! Who that remembers its glorious unfolding as the little steamer puffs its way northward from Lake Side can think without a shudder of this desecration of a lovely scene?

Yet this boat goes to Windermere, one of twenty, for the express purpose of racing.

For there are actually boat races on Windermere, races in which the crews wear lifebelts for fear they should be jerked off at the turns. When that happens (and it has happened more than once) the motor-boat continues its career unguided, till it beaches itself, at so many miles an hour. What if it collides with people rowing or sailing for pleasure unequipped with lifebelts? Your water-hog is doubtless like your road-hog, and does not greatly care.

MUSIC FOR EVERYBODY

Art in the Parks

The League of Arts deserves to be rewarded by a summer gay with parasols, not black with umbrellas, for the courageous new programme it has drawn up for the Hyde Park entertainments on Saturdays in June and July.

This year the tickets will be free, but as the expenses amount to £50 every Saturday there will be two-shilling programmes as well as three-penny ones. A little help is worth a deal of pity. These delightful performances mean much hard work, and those coming to enjoy them will be giving real help if they buy the more expensive programmes.

Many small folk are taking part, on June 23, in A Midsummer Masque of Old Chelsea in 1638. The League of Arts has remembered their bedtime and the evening performance will be given at 6.30 instead of 7.

At the Country Folk Dance Party for Children on the afternoon of June 30 those jolly old English tunes that were so nearly lost to us will be played by the band of the Coldstream Guards. In the evening the grown-ups are to have a country dance party all to themselves.

ON FOOT THROUGH EUROPE

A GRAND TOUR OF DEBATERS

A Peep at Oliver Goldsmith Wandering With His Flute

THE OLD TRADITION

A college team of debaters, four young American men of brain and ambition, is in England, making a tour of our universities for the purpose of joining in debates with our undergraduates.

The plan is not new, of course; on the contrary, it is interesting as a relic of scholastic antiquity.

When learning was at a low ebb in Europe, books few and costly, travel perilous and difficult, and intercourse between the scholars of various nations consequently hazardous and infrequent, pious warm-hearted men conceived a way to bring thinkers together.

Learning Kept Alive

They established funds so that if a man from afar should visit their universities or monasteries, take part in disputations or deliver discourses, he should be handsomely housed and fed and receive a small sum of money, on taking his departure, to help him on his way to the next seat of learning. So minds of different nations were brought together, and so learning was kept alive in narrow circles, fertilised and stimulated.

It was the existence of such a scheme that enabled Oliver Goldsmith to make the Grand Tour nearly two centuries ago. He had not a penny (when had he?), but he wrote home to Ireland from Edinburgh, where he was studying medicine; obtained £20 from an uncle, and forth he went, he and his flute and his twenty pounds, his poetry and his lovable folly, the strangest knight-errant of learning in our annals.

Tramping the Continent

He was to study in Paris, so of course he must go to Holland instead—that was his way; and having vowed that he must bind himself heart and head to learning, off he must proceed to tramp the Continent afoot. He visited the universities and monasteries and talked for his suppers and lodgings, but universities and monasteries were few, while his passion for travel and knowledge was immense.

So out came the flute, and away he went, like another Pied Piper, earning bread and board with his mirth and melody, all through the Lowlands and on into France, where the peasants welcomed him with rapture.

He fluted his way to Paris, and managed to gain his keep so well that he could afford to attend lectures and enter the company of Voltaire, hearing that extraordinary man eloquent and magnificent in his tributes to England.

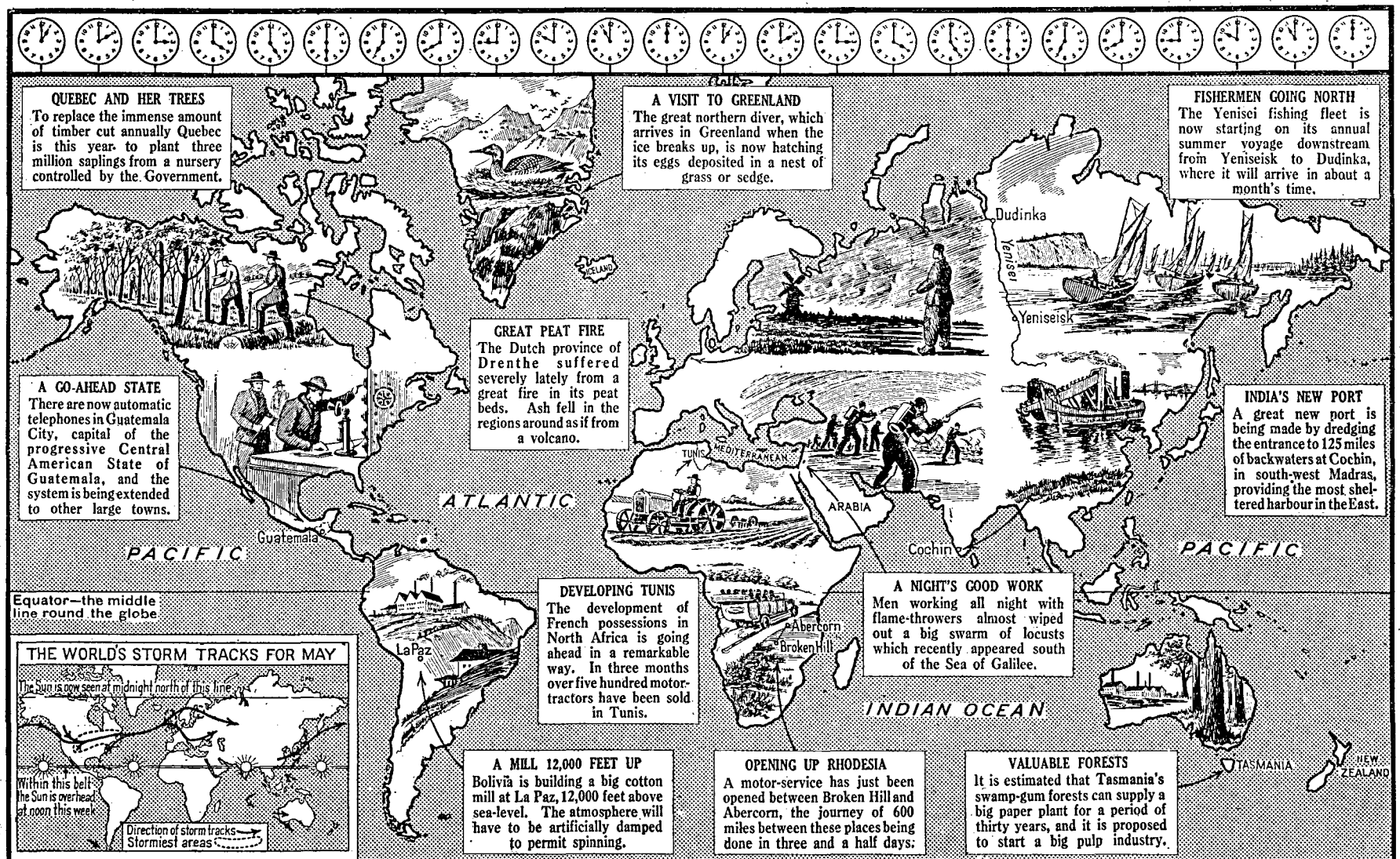
Over the Alps

But the open road was still calling, and Oliver went fluting off in his Irish brogues, through Switzerland and over the Alps into Italy, where, to his dismay, he found his flute less effective than of yore owing, as he said, to the fact that every Italian peasant was a better musician than he.

Still he explored the finest cities in the land, and, returning through France, landed at Dover with exactly nothing in his purse. It took him a fortnight to pipe and joke his way to London. There he wrote The Vicar of Wakefield, his plays, his essays, and the other works that combine to make him to this day one of the most famous and best-loved figures in our literature.

The young American debaters carry on the old tradition, then, though in more prosperous conditions, and with no need of flute or fortune to carry them on their way. But will their easy progress afford us such a picture as Oliver Goldsmith on his travels? It is to be doubted: there is none other like it.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



AN OLD FRIEND STILL YOUNG

Mr. Answers is Forty

A very interesting event in journalism comes this week: Answers reaches its fortieth birthday.

Who is there who does not know its familiar bookstall colour, and its un-failing ingenuity in sustaining the interest of its myriads of readers and attracting more?

But everyone does not know that Answers, planned and produced by Alfred Harmsworth when he was a young man of twenty-three, laid firmly the foundation of the fortune which enabled him to revolutionise the methods of the English newspaper press and become the Napoleon of modern journalism.

The progress of Alfred Harmsworth from the production of Answers, with its first issue of 12,000 copies at a loss, to the control of the vastest newspaper circulations in the world, is unquestionably the most sensational personal feat ever achieved in journalism.

In less than two years Answers had a steady sale of 200,000 weekly. Soon it was accumulating the capital on which its founder could establish the Daily Mail. Now Answers counts in huge figures, and the successful publications which had their financial spring in its success are numbered in scores. Few people have imagination enough to take up a copy and realise how vast an expanse of publicity has grown from this beginning.

It has been no chance expansion. Within it, of course, and entirely accounting for it, have been fertility of brain, judgment of popular taste, choice of comrade workers, business genius, bold enterprise.

We congratulate Answers on its forty years and many triumphs, but its biggest credit is in being the starting-point of an immensely varied journalism that embraces nearly every phase of life.

SHIP OF STATE SINKING
A Chinese S.O.S.

A very striking document has been sent to all the civil and military authorities throughout China by Marshal Chang Tso-Lin, the Northern commander. We take this passage from it.

As regards national politics I will not be insistent if our people can agree on a fair and impartial decision. The question of right or wrong rests with the people.

I have been in military service since a youth, and as an old resident of Manchuria I know perfectly well the evil influences of Communism and the preventive measures taken by other nations. Indeed, I feel that my personal experience in that line qualifies me better to view the whole situation than many prominent men in the country. Knowing that certain traitors, ignorant of the consequences in its wake, have been deeply imbued with the idea of Communism, and are sure to bring havoc to the country, I considered the extermination of Communism and extreme caution in diplomatic dealings to be the sole means of attaining our independence.

At present there seems no end to civil strife, and the ship of state is sinking rapidly. I hope our people will come to their senses and save the country from destruction.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Shakespeare 3rd Folio, 1664	£2650
Papers of Rev. Thomas Haweis	£1230
Shakespeare 2nd Folio, 1632	£1090
Black Delft ewer and basin	£1080
Picture by Corot	£892
Des Barres' Atlantic Neptune	£650
Etching by J. McBeay	£445
Etching by Sir D. Y. Cameron	£360
William IV walnut armchair	£288
Charles II gilt chalice	£256

FROM THE JUNGLE TO LONDON BRIDGE
A Queer Shipload

Some very strange passengers were landed near London Bridge from the East Indies the other day.

They included an elephant, a tiger, a leopard, a hornbill, two black bears, three tiger cats, 25 rare apes, 46 orang-utans, 50 Argus pheasants, and a number of snakes.

They had all been captured by a Dutch big game hunter in the jungle of Sumatra. Many of them are destined for zoos in London, Edinburgh, and Bristol, some for Germany, and the rest are being sent on to New York. The passengers consumed among other things on their voyage a hundred thousand bananas, 25 sacks of flour (made into bread), half a ton of maize, and half a ton of sugar-cane.

One of the orang-utans weighed over 16 stones and had a 10-foot stretch between his finger-tips. Once during the voyage he put his hand out between the bars of his crate and caught a passenger by the leg. It took three strong men to unclasp his fingers.

THE NEW-FASHIONED WAY
And the Old

We have heard a great deal of how in America everybody buys everything on the hire-purchase system, but perhaps few realise how widespread this system is in Britain.

In a House of Commons debate the other day it was stated that half the furniture bought is bought this way, 60 to 70 per cent of the motor-cars, 70 per cent of the sewing-machines, and no less than 80 per cent of the pianos and gramophones.

While some think the system aids thrift, old-fashioned people think it is much better to save up before you furnish a house or buy a car rather than afterwards.

WHAT TO DRINK
Milk and Water Make the Champion

FACTS FROM A TRAINING COLONY

Most boys want to grow up big and strong, and the Medical Research Council has some interesting figures for them from a three years' diet trial.

In a training colony for boys outside London the lads were divided into groups of 30, and each group was given some small addition to the usual diet. One group was given a pint of milk a day, and it was this group which was most successful. They grew nearly an inch more than the average each year, and gained an extra three pounds. One winter, when the colony was ravaged with influenza and measles, they escaped infection completely.

It is proved, then, that milk is the best drink when you are growing and want to build up bone and muscle. Next to milk the best drink is water. It is the favourite drink of Lindbergh, the first man to fly the Atlantic alone, and of Gertrude Ederle, the first woman to swim the Channel. Suzanne Lenglen the tennis player, Tilden and Sutcliffe and Hobbs, Liddell the great runner, and Vernon the Bisley marksman, are all water drinkers. Jack Hatfield, England's champion swimmer, declares that he has never known a first-class athlete who took alcohol during training.

Tea and coffee are pleasant, but not good for the digestion. Alcohol is bad for the digestion, the nerves, the complexion, the temper, and the reputation. Those who want to keep absolutely fit must stick to the drinks Nature gives us, and be content with fresh milk or pure water. They make champion athletes.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aeschylus	Es-ke-lus
Demosthenes	De-mos-the-neez
Herodotus	He-rod-o-tus
Thucydides	Thew-sid-e-deez

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 26

1928

The Battle of Waterloo

AFTER all that Authority has said the great Battle of Waterloo is won. The bridge is not to go.

When the bridge, after its century of labour, began to sag in the middle, the common people who loved it were not very much alarmed. There was something so solid and upstanding about its dark arches that those who had looked on them as long as they could remember were sure that all that was wanted was to put a patch on them. Putting a patch on old structures has been an English habit ever since Canterbury Cathedral was built.

The experts, the uncommon people, did not think so. There was nothing to do, they said, but to pull it down and build it up again in a better way. That did alarm the ordinary people, because they were quite sure that whatever the engineers did the new Waterloo Bridge would neither look the same nor be the same. So some of them timidly suggested underpinning. They remembered that when the voice of Authority had declared that St. Paul's was tumbling down it had been found that the Dome could be saved after all.

But Authority shook a scornful head at the thought of underpinning. Things had gone too far for that. More experts were called in, and a number stepped in without being called, till modest John Citizen of London Town began to pluck up heart of grace, because he hoped that, while the experts were discussing it, the bridge might get off. London improvements, like London traffic and the weather, are things everybody talks about while nobody does anything.

Out of this mood of hopefulness the Londoner was rudely shaken when a new authority was called in, the great architect whose Cenotaph in Whitehall is a work that all salute. Sir Edwin Lutyens spoke the death warrant. Waterloo Bridge would not do any longer.

At that the bridge-lovers were at last cast down. But it is darkest before dawn. Suddenly the situation changed. The London County Council, which had behaved very badly at first, agreed that before the bridge was destroyed the Government should be asked to consider what could be done to save it.

That is just what the man in the street hoped from the beginning. He is not always wise, but he has behind him the experience which teaches him that Authority is sometimes wrong, and till Authority is proved to be right beyond all doubt the plain man will wait and see. In this case he has waited and has seen, and what he sees is good. The Battle of Waterloo is as good as won.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Why Not?

THE mother of some growing boys writes to ask us if we will pass on three questions.

Why is there not some easy place in children's boots and shoes where a name can be written?

Why is there no place for a name on a toothbrush? If a large family keeps its toothbrushes in the bathroom there is often a deplorable muddle.

Why, too, cannot we mark spectacles?

We gladly pass on these Whys to whomsoever they concern.

Was Ever Such Nonsense?

IT is good to think that most thinking people in this country agree with the Bishop of Durham, who believes that greyhound racing is a national danger and a cradle of juvenile gambling. But it is a bitter disappointment to millions of people to find men of fame like Lord Askwith, and men in public office like General Seely, associating themselves with this new danger to the nation.

We see how poor is the argument for greyhound racing when Lord Askwith is reduced to saying that the King of Spain, after seeing a greyhound race, thought it "the greatest cure for anarchy he had ever seen."

We wish to be polite to peers and kings, but was ever such nonsense in the world?

Twice Blessed

IN one of William de Morgan's stories a little girl tells someone that her blind father is an Asker. It is the polite way the poor have among themselves of saying that one of them is a beggar. The blind man does not beg; he asks for alms.

Alms giving and taking are so ancient that we may sympathise with the Member of Parliament who said he did not like the word eleemosynary when applied to gifts of a charitable kind. It does not sound like alms, though the member need not have said it sounded like Welsh.

It is, in fact, a word of long standing and respectability in the English language, having been used in Parliament 300 years ago when a member thought the Commons were being too eleemosynary to the king.

In any case, charity is still twice blessed, whether it is called alms or an eleemosynary gift.

A Prayer For Charity

O Lord, grant to us so to love Thee with all our heart, with all our mind, and all our soul, that the grace of charity and brotherly love may dwell in us, and all envy, harshness, and ill-will may die in us. Fill our hearts with feelings of love, kindness, and compassion, so that, by constantly rejoicing in the happiness and good success of others, by sympathising with them in their sorrow, and putting away all harsh judgments and envious thoughts, we may follow Thee.

To All Who Are Cruel

CONCERNING the cruelty of the Devon and Somerset stag-hunters a correspondent asks us to quote for our readers the two lines of Wordsworth which ask us:

*Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.*

We commend this noble utterance to all whom it may concern.

Tip-Cat

THE Riviera season is over. The pigeon butchers of Monte Carlo have gone home.

THE man who threw his hat at an M.P. declares that he lost his head. We understand it was not in the hat.

A SCHEME is afoot to popularise English cheese. Slogan for the movement should be: Cheese it!

SUN and Earth between them have, we are told, produced gratifying results.

Good news for the flood areas.

MODERN dancing is said to express character. Hope not, for most of it is so bad.

MANY a modern poet does not look like one. Sometimes there is enough of him to look like two.

AN M.P. promises he will shortly produce a Bill that will make the whole

House think. He is believed to be an optimist.

AEROPLANES will soon be as popular with travellers as tubes. Not if the fares are always going up.

PETER PUCK wants to know what it is that frogs pawn. (Question not allowed. EDITOR.)

IT is men, not weapons, that make war. But the weapons help them.

WIGAN is said to be typical of what is best in Lancashire. That's the worst of it.

The Knightly Oath

This is the beautiful oath taken by the Knights of the Bath installed by the King in the Abbey the other day.

You shall honour God above all things. You shall be steadfast in the Faith of Christ. You shall love the King your Sovereign Lord, and him and his Right defend to your power. You shall defend maidens, widows, and orphans in their rights, and shall suffer no extortion as far as you may prevent it. And of as great honour be this Order unto you as ever it was to any of your Progenitors, or others.

Slatterns

By Peter Puck

The boy who talks of Whatsisname
Is worthy of a sloven's shame;
The girl who speaks of Thingmebob
Would make a cultured person sob;
While dolts who say Hoo-jar-ker-piv
Have brains no better than a sieve,
And chits who mention Youknowoo
Have spirits like a howling zoo.
Such shabby speech one only finds
In folk with soft and flabby minds,
Who never will be wise or great
Because their brainswork—just foolate.
Then why not use them (no one cares)
Instead of buns to feed the bears?

I Sent My Love a Parcel

There lives in London City
A lady called My Love,
To whom I sent a parcel.
My postman was a dove.
I had been out a-walking
And on a sudden spied
A curious stone which sparkled
With light on every side.
Thought I, to match the laughter
That sparkles in her eyes,
I'll send this curious pebble—
And so then, lover-wise,
I packed my precious parcel
With bark stripped from a tree,
And strong grass was a string which
Bound it carefully.
I made it fast with tree-gum,
But, fearing yet that this
Might not secure its safety,
I sealed it with a kiss.

A Poet's Prayer

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room.
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way.

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the labouring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.
Henry Van Dyke

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

EIGHT German guns at Hackney are being sold as scrap-iron in aid of the Haig Memorial Homes.

UNKNOWN people send to the Bible Society about £20,000 a year.

THE laburnum is hanging out its tassels of gold.

PARISHIONERS of St. Michael's Church in Manchester have restored their school buildings by 12,000 hours of unpaid labour.

CHRIST'S CHURCH, Westminster, has built five windows paid for with 16 £100 notes dropped by a stranger in the vicar's letter-box.

Peter Puck
Wants To Know



What would
happen if a
householder
let go

LITTLE HEROES BIRDS THAT WATCHED THEIR HOMES MOVED

Twelve Addresses for a Thrush's Nest in Oxfordshire THE KINDLY PLOUGHMAN AND THE PLOVER UNAFRAID

A charming story of the courage and devotion of a pair of thrushes comes from a little Oxfordshire railway station.

One morning when a man went to work he saw that a pair of thrushes had built a nest on the axle-box of a loaded wagon in the siding. He was the last person to upset a bird's household. When the father and mother bird both flew off for a minute he saw that there were five eggs in the nest.

The truck had to be unloaded and shifted, and the man did the best he could think of. With the birds looking on, he gently moved the nest to exactly the same position on the axle-box of the next truck. Then he went on with his work, pretending not to be there. To his joy, he saw the birds come back to the nest.

Among Friends

But presently the day came when the next wagon had to be shunted. Again the man moved the nest to another axle-box, and again the thrushes came back to their home. They must have known quite well that the people at that little station were their friends, for they stayed at home and kept the nest warm in spite of all the noises of the line. They even got used to house removal. Twelve times in all that hardy nest was transferred from one axle-box to another.

The man who watched over the birds had his reward. The whole brood of five has been hatched out.

We hope they will stay near home when they fly, and sing sometimes for their friends at the station.

The Courageous Plover

Following on this story a companion tale is told by Mr. E. F. Bulmer, who knows the facts and the ploughman concerned.

The ploughman saw a plover sitting on her nest as he went slowly to and fro. Bravely the little mother endured the nearness of those monstrous things, horses and man, and the unaccustomed noises of jingling gear, heavy hoofs, and human voices. She saw giants turning her little world upside down, even as the dwellers of Pompeii saw the volcano threatening them with disaster, but she did not fly.

The ploughman drew nearer and nearer, till it was time to plough the very place where she was crouching. Then, in desperation, he lifted the eggs and flimsy nest and carried them a little way on to the newly-ploughed ground.

All's Well That Ends Well

He feared the mother bird would desert the nest; for birds usually do abandon eggs that have been touched by human hands; but the brave little plover returned and sat on the eggs while the kind giant ploughed the rest of the field.

It has been said that the sorrows of birds and children soon pass, though they are deep while they last. There are numbers of people who would do much to save a bird even an hour's misery, and they will like to spread the news that nests need not be ruined when they lie in the way of a plough.

A BROAD HINT

Zokie is a clever dog that has his own way of reminding people when he is thirsty.

A piece of sulphur is always kept in his drinking-bowl, and whenever he finds this empty he picks up the sulphur and drops it on the centre of the kitchen floor, where it quickly catches the eye of his mistress.

WHY THEY WAITED AT THE BROADWAY

THE traffic stopped in Hammersmith Broadway and quickly the vehicles piled up till they seemed to make a line which would reach to the Mansion House.

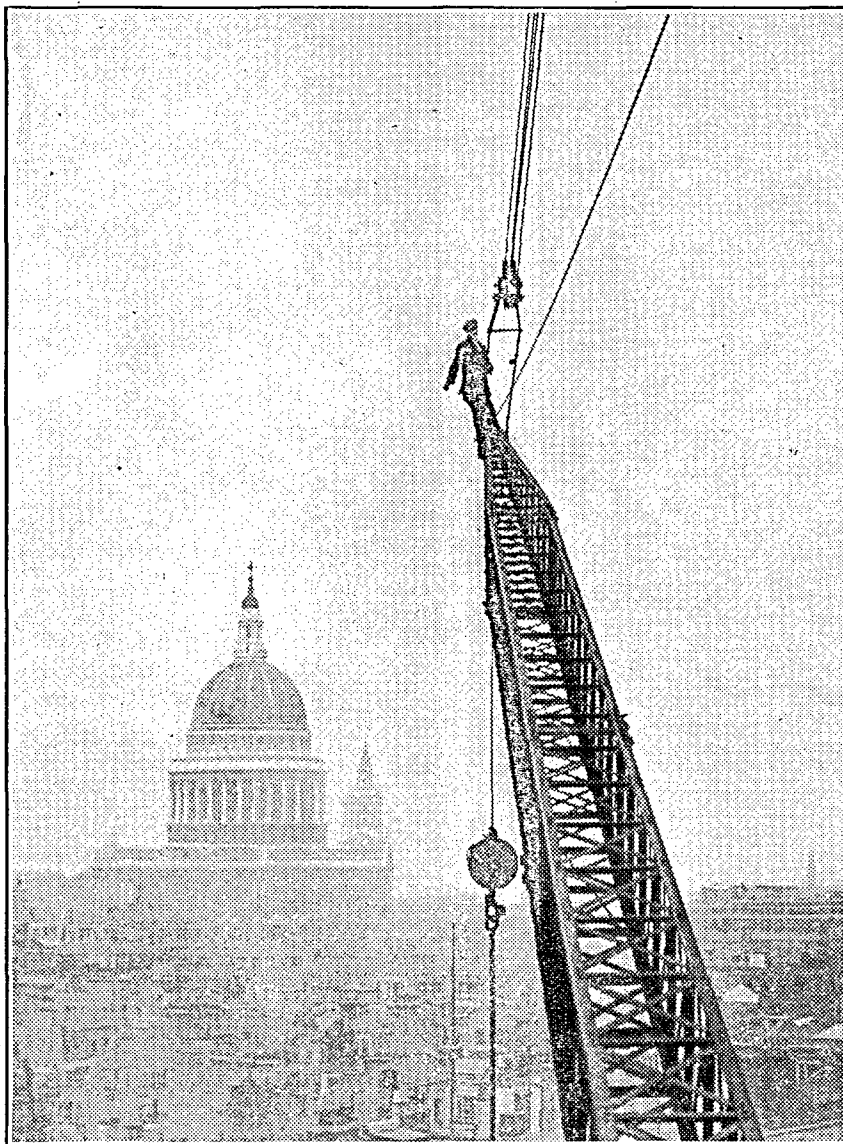
Those in front were busy watching the policeman, who had seemed on first glance to be in a dream, staring at the ground. Then they saw that he was looking at a little terrier who had planted himself under the nose of a bus and refused to move.

In many countries that terrier would have been kicked out of the way or the bus would have crushed him; the English policeman gave him his chance. "Come on now," he said to the terrier,

"get a move on." But the terrier was listening for the only voice in the world he would obey. He had got something for his master. He was on duty, like the policeman.

The terrier's master was talking to a friend on the pavement. Suddenly he turned round and saw the hold-up. "My goodness!" he said, and sprang into the road. The terrier, in indescribable joy, laid at his master's feet, in the middle of Hammersmith Broadway, in front of a long wedge of traffic, a rat! Then he looked at the policeman, and seemed to say as plainly as could be, "You can move on now."

GOING TO WORK IN LONDON



The rebuilding of London goes on apace and great cranes are a familiar feature of the skyline. Here we see Mr. J. W. Walls, whose duty it is twice a week to inspect one of the largest cranes in London, on a dizzy perch 225 feet above the street near St. Paul's.

A DIVISION SUM THAT TOOK 10 YEARS

A PRIZE distribution of 15 million pounds is enough to make the most scholarly schoolboy's mouth water.

Parliament is now engaged in winding up the Naval Prize Fund, from which such distribution has been made, the prizes being for the capture of enemy property and contraband.

In the good old days, when a warship made a capture and took it into port ship and goods were sold and the proceeds distributed among the capturing officers and crew. At the beginning of the Great War, however, it was decided that the proceeds of such sales should become the property of the State, to be dealt with when the war was over. At the end of the war it was decided that the money should be distributed among the whole Navy, admirals receiving a thirtieth part of the whole, captains and commanders a tenth of what remained, and the rest fixed shares according to ranks and ratings.

It has taken a special tribunal ten years to do the dividing up; now the tribunal is to be dissolved and the Treasury will deal with any cases that remain. Nearly £200,000 has been allotted to naval charities.

It is a pleasant windfall for those who have lived to receive it, but officers and men who took part in big individual captures must wish the old system of distribution had not been changed. There was one famous case in the eighteenth century in which two British warships made a capture which realised over half a million pounds. Each of the captains received £65,000 and each seaman nearly £500.

Jane Austen, in her novels, talks of the good luck of naval officers appointed to commands on the high seas during the Napoleonic wars which enabled them in a few months to amass fortunes sufficient to buy country estates and settle down to married happiness.

PARLIAMENT AND GAMBLING TRACKS POWERS FOR THE PEOPLE

Great Moral Triumph in the House of Commons

LOCAL OPTION BILL

The country is to be saved from the shameful spectacle of a chain of gambling centres being set up everywhere against the will of the people. Once more we are seeing a great moral triumph in Parliament.

The House of Commons has decided that the multiplication of dog-racing tracks must not go on unchecked. With only 18 members objecting, it has adopted the Second Reading of a Bill giving local authorities power to decide whether they will allow dog-racing in their areas, and on what conditions. No further tracks are to be set up without a licence from the local authority.

The Real Attraction

Tracks already established must obtain a licence by the autumn of next year. This delay is granted in order that they may have time to adapt themselves to any conditions the local authority may lay down.

The debate in Parliament made it abundantly clear, even to those to whom it was not clear before, that betting is the real attraction at a greyhound track. One M.P. who had visited the tracks said he could not imagine anything more miserable. Another said it was one of the poorest forms of sport he had ever seen. A third declared that if it had not been for the betting there would not have been a hundred people present.

A great number of local authorities have sent petitions in favour of the Bill, and none of them against. At Ilford, where a post-card referendum was held, 14,000 post-cards were returned in favour of the Bill and only one card against it.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Labour leader, who used to go to horse-races, gave up doing so when he found out the harm that dog-racing was doing, so that he might be free to oppose it without inconsistency. He told of charabancs waiting at factory gates three nights a week to take workmen straight to the track, of workmen who had no wages to draw at the end of the week because they had pledged the whole of them to betting touts, and of children whose Sunday dinner depended on the result of a dog-race on Friday night.

Right of the People

We have all a right to say through our local authorities whether they will allow the setting up in their midst of such centres of wickedness and misery.

Greyhound tracks are commercial undertakings, run for the profits of syndicates and bookmakers. We are told by General Seely that they reduce gambling rather than encourage it; we are told by Lord Askwith that they are a cure for anarchy! Rubbish of this sort, whoever it is who talks it, is still rubbish, and Parliament has shown us what it thinks of the claim of a few people to trade on what can only be described as the demoralisation of the people.

A FILM BY WIRE

Something Not Done Before

The first cinematograph picture ever telegraphed was sent the other day from Chicago to New York, and was developed and ready to show on the screen 95 minutes after it had been taken in Chicago.

It was a costly experiment, not likely to be often repeated, as the price of transmission was £2 a foot. This means that a picture lasting ten minutes would cost over £600 to send by wire.

THE GOLD MINES OF THUCYDIDES

WORKING THEM AGAIN
The Wonderful Greek Who is
Famous for All Time

EXILE AND IMMORTALITY

Once mistress and teacher of the world, Greece, now small and poor, bethinks her of certain gold mines in her keeping, and has been inviting tenders for their working.

She has gold in the rocks of Salonica, in certain of her islands, notably in Thasos and also in Thrace; and the island gold, like that of Thrace, carries us back to a former possessor, one of the greatest men of all time.

Thucydides was that man, Thucydides who wrote the matchless History of the Peloponnesian War, and extracted gold from mines from which the Turks, not yet a nation in his day, were afterwards to enrich themselves. Those mines (not exhausted, it is believed, but merely lost) still exist beneath carelessly-strewn debris. They are being re-sought, and gold may yet be minted from veins which made Thucydides rich nearly 24 centuries ago.

A Possession for Ever

It was not his gold, but his genius, which gave Thucydides immortality, and what must have seemed to him crushing disaster brought his genius into action. He thought the Peloponnesian War the greatest conflict the world had ever seen or could see, so he wrote its history, as one who had fought in it, as one who knew its causes and saw and judged motives, measures, and manoeuvres from all sides.

He intended, as he said, that his work should be profitable to all who desired an exact knowledge of the past as a key to the future, which he thought would in all probability repeat or resemble the past. "The work is intended to be a possession for ever, not the rhetorical triumph of an hour."

The Science of Government

All statesmen who are wise still go to school to Thucydides, for scholars hold that there is hardly a problem in the whole science of government which is not either solved or handled with masterly skill in this History. Change the names, numbers, and armament of combatants, and his book might serve for commentary on our own Great War.

Yet the war of which he wrote, though it lasted for a quarter of a century, was only small as to the numbers engaged—the City-State of Athens and her allies against Sparta, with her flowing and ebbing tides of confederates. Macedonia had not yet produced the man who was to make Greece one and give her overlordship of the Earth.

At His Country's Call

Thucydides, rich and learned, contemporary of Herodotus, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Pericles, and Phidias, was, like all the great scholars of Hellas, a soldier at his country's call. In the eighth year of the war, when he was in charge of a fleet of seven little ships, he was summoned to the help of the city of Amphipolis, half a day's sail from where he lay off the gold-bearing island of Thasos.

Thucydides made all haste, but the skill of his Spartan enemy, coupled with treachery within the walls, had brought about the fall before the scholar-warrior could strike a blow. His enemies at home brought about his downfall in consequence, and he was banished. For twenty years he wandered in exile, turning his wanderings to account as Herodotus had done before him, and as Froissart was to do many centuries later.

He saw for himself, he heard many witnesses, and sifted all the evidence, calmly, judiciously, infallibly. The story

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Trains are now announced at London Bridge Station by loud-speakers.

The new Earl Haig, who is ten, has joined the Wolf Cub Pack of the Boy Scouts.

Under an old charity at Crawley, Beds, all the bachelors and spinsters in the parish have received 4s. 6d. each.

The Invalid Children's Aid Association (117, Piccadilly) will be very glad if C.N. readers would send them silver paper.

A golf ball lost on a Lincolnshire farm was found in a hen's nest. The nest contained four eggs on which the hen was sitting.

His Life for Science

One more X-ray martyr has given his life for Science; he was M. Henri Bourdon, who must have conducted over 100,000 X-ray operations.

A Memorable Mayoralty

York's great old man, Mr. James Melrose, has unveiled a stained-glass window in York Guildhall in memory of his mayoralty in 1877.

Saving Little Brother

A little boy in Glamorgan was saved from death by his sister throwing herself in front of him as a motor-lorry came dashing along. His sister died.

The Worn-Out Horses

A witness of the Two Thousand Guineas race writes that he was amazed at the exhausted condition of the horses, only one of which, he says, pulled up in a normal state.

A Typewriter Pioneer

Mr. John Gardner, one of the first men to introduce typewriters into England, himself the inventor of a writing machine seen at South Kensington, has died at 65 in Lancashire.

Bath's Bath Chairs

There were only 24 bath chairs at the annual inspection at Bath, compared with 68 twenty years ago. One chairman had plied for hire there for 50 years!

A Dismal Syren

The people of Hastings cannot stand the dismal bellow from the new light-ship syren on the Royal Sovereign Shoal, and have petitioned for the restoration of the old one.

The Riviera's Bad Season

One of the best-known English visitors to the Riviera writes to tell us that the weather of the past season has been the worst for five years, being both windy and wet.

The World's Universities

Today there are 544 universities in the world, twice as many as half a century ago. Public funds defray three-quarters of the cost of teaching their half-million students.

Continued from the previous column

of his own failure, disgrace, and exile come in as essential details, just as do the battles, the plots, the treacheries, and heroisms, just as do the unexcelled speeches, including the unexcelled Funeral Oration by Pericles, which we now have declaimed to us on the celebration of the Armistice.

His work is unfinished; it breaks off suddenly in the middle of a sentence, at a moment when the hand of an assassin struck him dead.

His gold mines were lost; his precious manuscript was preserved. His daughter snatched it into safe keeping, and scholars saw its worth. Demosthenes alone made eight copies of it, and could repeat it by heart, as all cultured Greeks could repeat Homer.

His mines may come to light again, but they can never be a millionth part of the value to the world that his book has been; that is unalloyed gold for the minds of all the ages. The Peloponnesian War matters no more, but the wisdom and virtue of this broken soldier, who described it almost to the end, make the History one of the mines of learning and an example which Time can neither exhaust nor stale.

THE NURSE OF R.L.S.

Her Other Boy

Astronomers and historians mourn the death of Walter Biggar Blackie, thinking of him as a great scholar. A few children, however, will think of him as Cummy's other boy.

Alison Cunningham, whom all lovers of literature know as Cummy, was the nurse who looked after Walter Blackie when he was a tiny baby. Three years later Robert Louis Stevenson was born, and Cummy took charge of the delicate child soon after. His books and letters are full of Cummy's wonderful kindness and good sense. She is the most famous Nanny in history, and the Child's Garden of Verse is dedicated to her. But fewer people know about the achievement of the other nursing, Blackie.

He wrote the standard work on Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and was the greatest authority in his generation on the Jacobite risings. He also made many valuable star maps, and as the head of a great publishing firm directed the production of such splendid books that the poet Henley called him the Artist Printer.

He was 81 when he died the other day, an eminent citizen of Edinburgh and a Doctor of Laws, but in spite of it all he kept his heart young and justified us in thinking of him as still being Cummy's boy.

HYWEL DDA

Some of His Old Laws

We told the other day how Welsh school children were celebrating the millennium of King Hywel Dda, the Welsh lawgiver of long ago. Since then we have been hearing something of the laws he gave.

They were not so much new laws as a revised code of laws already existing in different parts of Wales. All animals, all household requisites, and all instruments of husbandry had a fixed price, and had to come up to a standard of quality making them worth that price. There was a system of insurance and compensation, showing that Mr. Lloyd George was following in the footsteps of his own countrymen when he gave an insurance scheme to Britain. The sick and the poor and the homeless wanderer were all equally cared for.

When the head of the family died the property did not go to the eldest son, but was equally divided. It was the privilege of the eldest son to do the dividing, but the youngest son had the first choice and the eldest the last.

There were some quaint provisions regarding the Court physicians. They were not paid unless they made a cure, and then often only in old clothes with an allowance for candles for night duty. When a physician set a bone he had to prove that it had actually been broken before receiving his fee.

WHAT A PICNIC PARTY DID

A Telegraphic Breakdown

During the fine weather the other day the Isle of Man was suddenly cut off from all telegraphic communication with England for more than a day and a night, and no one knew why.

Then it was discovered that previous heavy tides had laid bare the electric cable where it comes ashore in a little bay between Ramsey and Laxey. On the sands in this little bay, close to the cable, a picnic party had built a fire, and the fire had burned the cable!

The cable was soon repaired and communication restored.

RACE ROUND THE WORLD

Meeting in the Air Half-Way

TWO YOUNG MEN AND A £300 PRIZE

Two young men have been racing each other round the world, in opposite directions.

Both are Japanese, and they started from Tokyo, expecting to pass each other in London, half-way. They actually passed each other in aeroplanes between Amsterdam and Hanover.

The race was for a prize of £300 offered by a Japanese newspaper to discover the fastest way round the world by regular land, water, or air routes, a further £300 being allowed for expenses. In Moscow, Berlin, Paris, London, and New York the two were to make three personal calls to secure signatures.

Mr. Araki, a lecturer in a technical school in Yokohama, came by way of the Pacific, New York, and France. He reached London from Paris at six in the morning, secured his signatures before 7.30, one from the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and was off again by the same day's aeroplane to Berlin. He reached Tokyo ahead of his rival in 33 days 16 hours 26 minutes.

The other competitor, Mr. Matsui, formerly on the staff of Sydney University, reached London at six that night, just as his rival was leaving the aeroplane at Berlin. He secured his signatures the same night, flying on to Paris on the following day.

TRAPPING A CROCODILE

How It Is Done

The Crocodile Hunter-in-Chief to the native King of Benin lives with his clan of crocodile hunters in a special village in the heart of the bush of tropical Africa.

Mr. R. St. Barbe Baker, founder of the Men of the Trees movement, has lately visited this strange community, who are doing their share of the punishment meted out to the father of the chief for practising witchcraft within the palace precincts. He and all his family were condemned to catch crocodiles for ever and send them to the king for sacrificial purposes.

Although the wily crocodile can disguise himself as a log of wood, he is easily decoyed up the deep trench cut by the hunter during the dry season from the river up to the bank.

"Fe, fi, fo, fum!" says he to himself. "I smell a goat!" With a crafty smile he sneaks up the trench, only to find that the goat at the end of it is safe in a wooden cage. There is no room to turn round, and he cannot climb the sides of the trench. He is trapped, for there is one thing the cleverest crocodile in the world cannot do. *He cannot walk backward.*

COME OUT OF THE STONE AGE

What was the Stone Age? It was an age which in every respect save one was totally different from the age in which we live.

If we all went back to the Stone Age, or if we had never advanced from it, we should be living in caves or in shelters made from branches of trees. We should dress in the skins of wild beasts. Men would not shave; women would not shingle; no one would wash.

In these days, with our power of speaking across the Earth, flying across the sea, seeing across the Universe, it is easy to imagine that the Stone Age has disappeared for ever; yet the truth is that in one department of life Europe is still in the moral stage of the man of the caves.

In the June number of the C.N. Monthly, My Magazine, which is now on sale everywhere, appears a remarkable article on this subject.

A C.N. SERMON As We Are Seen at Inverallan

THE THINGS THAT MATTER

The Editor's post-bag brings appreciation of the C.N. from the utmost corners of the Earth, and the letters are a constant inspiration.

The other day there came to us a sermon recently preached by the Rev. I. R. Gillan, of the Parish Church of Inverallan, Crantown-on-Spey, who chose the C.N. for his subject, illustrating his points by stories or comments from its columns.

Speaking of the paper itself Mr. Gillan showed that he has a sympathetic appreciation of its spirit and aims. We give ourselves the pleasure of quoting these passages.

I never get up from reading the Children's Newspaper (said Mr. Gillan) without feeling better for it. For one thing, I like its attitude toward life; it obviously finds life good, and is prepared to enjoy it. For another thing, it manages to escape in a remarkable degree that tiresome, querulous attitude which so many papers take up with their "Down with this!" and "Down with that!" I do not suggest that it hesitates to denounce evil that lies in its path, but on the whole it finds life good because it takes the trouble to find good things, which is the secret of good and happy living.

A Sense of Proportion

Then it has the great gift of bringing out the true value of things—the things that count most in our lives. I say in all seriousness that this little newspaper has a far truer sense of proportion and a far finer feeling for the true value of things than is customary in the press.

It brings into the foreground, and makes much of, the things we treasure most, and it shows that the world is full of them—unselfishness, generosity, love, courage, loyalty, cheerfulness, and service. They are held up for our inspiration; it does our hearts good to hear of them; it makes us feel more kindly disposed to other people.

The things it pictures are not exceptional outstanding occurrences, happening perhaps once in the lifetime of unusual people, but are examples that come to light every day and every hour, among people like ourselves, in this and other countries, and they form a far truer impression of the world than that given by the sensational press.

THOSE WHO CRY FOR THE MOON Give Them the Sun

Far too many people are ever crying for the Moon; one way to cure them, as Dr. Saleeby says, is to give them the Sun.

Dr. Saleeby sends us particulars of a remarkably interesting experiment tried in Lancashire, where a big extension of the Ferranti engineering works at Hollinwood was fitted with 33,000 square feet of vitaglass admitting the ultra-violet as well as all the other rays of the Sun direct to the workers at their benches.

The particular shop is declared to be notably brighter and warmer than the others, and its occupants are manifestly content and happy. It has been found, in short, that the experiment gives all the advantages of sunlight indoors.

Another experiment in sunshine has been made at Sherwood Colliery in Nottinghamshire, where 50 boys have been treated by artificial sunlight lamps and compared with another 50 boys kept under careful observation. The boys with the lamps put on twice as much weight as the others, and about 50 per cent more in height.

Who will put a limit to the results in a generation's time of these efforts to bring the Sun to workers within its reach and to create artificial sunlight for those who toil in places where there are no windows?

THE COST OF KILLING A WHALE Will It Save Him?

We have heard a great deal of the extermination of the whale, and we note with pleasure that a report to the League of Nations gives a curious reason for hoping the danger may pass.

There is at Copenhagen an International Council for the Exploration of the Sea which has been working with the League's Economic Committee, and it has produced a report.

Sixty years ago the invention of the exploding harpoon gun made it possible to hunt the largest species of fin whales. Then came the floating factory, moving from port to port, and finally the big mother ships, on the decks of which the whales were dealt with.

These developments increased enormously the number of whales captured and the products made from them. Two years ago 200,000 tons of whale

The Kingdom of God Will Come

By the Prime Minister

We gladly give this passage from Mr. Baldwin's speech to the Bible Society not long ago.

No living man can tell or know how that Book, in its journeyings through the world, has started the individual soul in ten thousand places into a new life, a new world, a new belief, a new conception, a new faith.

These things are hidden until some man, some people, is touched beyond all others by the Divine fire, and the result is one of those great revivals of religion which repeatedly through the centuries have startled the world and stimulated mankind, and which, as sure as we are in this room, will recur again.

So much of our time in this world we seem to be carrying on our struggle in twilight or in fog; friends, and men who ought to be friends, hit blindly, wounding men who are or ought to be their brothers, without thinking of the light which comes from that Book to lighten the twilight or dispel the fog.

The Kingdom of God may be very far off, but I can say for myself, if I did not feel that our work was done in the faith and the hope that at some day (it may be a million years hence) the Kingdom of God would spread over the whole world, I could have no hope, I could do no work, and I would give my office this morning to anyone who would take it.

oil (used largely for margarine) were sold for about six million pounds.

But the interesting point is that this elaborate outfit involves the sinking of so much capital that only the capture of a large number of whales will yield an adequate return. As soon as whales become really scarce the hunting will become unprofitable, and this, it is thought, will happen long before the whales are exterminated. Then they will be able to multiply once more.

THE PRICE OF THE AEROPLANE A Tragic Death Roll

The Air Ministry has issued figures showing the number of deaths caused by accidents in the Royal Air Force since the war.

In the first year they were 180, but in each of the two succeeding years they dropped to only 37.

Then, with many variations, they rose till in the year before last they were 85. Last year there were only 55, but this year, in less than four months, the figures had already reached 24.

THE STREET OF ONE THOUSAND YEARS And the Boundary Running Through It

People are usually sorry when old boundaries, old names, and old customs go; but the people of Hockliffe in Bedfordshire hope that the County Council will alter the parish boundary, which is a thousand years old.

Hockliffe lies on the ancient Roman road known as Watling Street, and as that road is the boundary the houses on one side of it are in a different parish from their neighbours just opposite! The people who live on the wrong side of Hockliffe must trudge three miles to Chalgrave Church to be married, unless they rent a room on the other side of Hockliffe village street before the banns are called. They have no right to be buried in their own churchyard, and in many other ways the division causes trouble.

But the people who laid down the parish boundaries a thousand years ago were not as foolish as they seem, for there was no double row of houses in those days. It is all Hockliffe's fault, because Hockliffe grew up.

GIANTS OF THE SEA Trying to Understand the Whale

For a long time physiologists have recognised that a little gland in the brain called the pituitary gland secretes a substance which promotes growth, and that in many cases giants have been the result of over-activity of this gland.

And now the whaler Lancing, of the Institute of Oceanography in California, has been sent to San Clemente Island to kill whales and collect their pituitary glands in the hope that a study of their chemistry will throw some light on the growth of these giants.

Whole barrel-loads of these mysterious little organs are being collected, so that there will be plenty of material for investigation and experiment; and it is possible that chemists and physiologists may soon be able to produce giants of all kinds at will, so that trout fifty feet long may become common, and lambs as large as elephants may gambol about the meadows.

BEATING BACK THE WATERS

A Farm Where the Sea Was

It is not only on our side of the North Sea that the waters are eating away the land, and it is not only in Holland that the ingenuity of man is defeating the destructive forces of Nature.

In the past year nearly 20,000 acres of land have been reclaimed from the sea along the coast of Schleswig-Holstein, at a cost of about £12 an acre. The work, which is now in full progress, is particularly ingenious. First of all a system of dams, walls, and ditches is constructed to retain the sediment brought in by the tide and the surf. Then, when the deposit has thickened, it is set out with a certain kind of marsh plant which grows in such places, and before long the oozy wash takes solid shape, and becomes fit for cultivation.

At the base of the Sylt Dam there is already a jolly little farm, on a spot which two years ago was under water.

PLAYMATES

A young Lancashire reader sends us this note.

I thought I would like to write to you about something I thought very funny. When we came home from our holidays we found our large tom cat playing with a little rabbit on the coal heap.

At first we thought it was a rat, but it ran down the cellar steps and so we caught it. But when we looked at it we found it was a rabbit, and the cat had not hurt it at all.

GIANT SUNS OF THE CROW CONSTELLATION KNOWN FOR 10,000 YEARS

The Stars on the Flags of Australia and New Zealand THE SOUTHERN CROSS

By the C.N. Astronomer

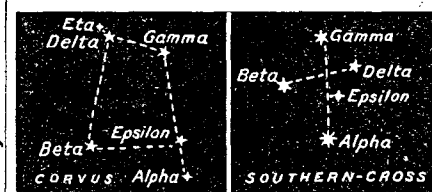
The very ancient constellation of Corvus, the Crow, is an interesting feature of the heavens just now.

When it is sufficiently dark its four chief stars may be seen in the south-west about 11 o'clock, being readily identified below the constellation of Virgo and to the south-west of Spica.

Our star-map shows the striking geometrical arrangement of the chief stars of Corvus, the four roughly in the form of a rectangle being of third magnitude.

For something like 10,000 years this group of stars has represented a bird. The Crow is now represented in star-maps as perched on a coil of the sea-serpent Hydra and in a vast celestial ocean in which the great ship Argo sails with several other marine constellations in the vicinity.

Alpha appears but a small and insignificant star, but is one of the



The constellation of Corvus compared with the Southern Cross

nearest of the group, being about 3,940,000 times as far away as our Sun, or about 62 light-years distant, according to spectroscopic calculations.

Beta, a very much larger sun, is 7,366,000 times as far off as ours, its light taking 116 years to reach us.

Delta is of great interest because it is composed of two suns of vast dimensions, and at the immense distance of some 20,600,000 times that of our Sun. They belong to the class of giant suns, the larger one, of third magnitude, being yellow; the smaller companion sun of barely eighth magnitude is lilac in tint. Their light has been 325 years reaching us.

North-east of Delta is the fourth-magnitude star Eta in Corvus, a sun 4,950,000 times as far off as our Sun and but 78 light-years distant. From Epsilon the light has taken 125 years to get here, this sun being 7,930,000 times as far off as ours.

Visualising the Southern Cross

Due south of this constellation of Corvus is that of the Southern Cross, a group of stars covering a slightly smaller area of the sky than Corvus, as may be seen from our star-map, on which both are drawn to the same scale.

The Southern Cross never rises above the horizon in England, but at the present time is not so very far below it in the evening. It is about four times as far due south of Corvus as Delta and Beta in Corvus are from each other.

This constellation, which figures on the flags of both Australia and New Zealand, has a bright star at the end of each arm of a somewhat irregular Latin cross, but the small fourth-magnitude star Epsilon, which rather confuses the cross effect, is part of the constellation, and is included in the Australian flag; New Zealand, however, discards Epsilon.

Alpha is of first magnitude, like Spica, while Beta and Gamma are of second magnitude, Delta being third; so while looking at Corvus it will be quite easy to visualise the Southern Cross, which so few of us are likely ever to see, unless we journey some eighteen hundred miles due south, or to anywhere within the Tropic of Cancer.

G. F. M.

MOROCCO HOUSE

A Great Adventure
of Long Ago

Told by
Mary Carruthers

CHAPTER 15

Egidia's Ship Comes Home

NINE years had passed since the loss of the Golden Fleece, and John Smith the wool merchant, very little altered in appearance, paced up and down the great room on the second storey of his old house in Riddell's Close, knitting his brows in an unwanted perturbation.

He had several reasons for anxiety. The first trouble, immediate and pressing was this: Mariotte, his faithful old housekeeper, was ill, and the nature of her malady was such as to give him cause for grave alarm.

The next trouble was that he could not think what had become of Egidia. She had been visiting some modish friends of her own of whom the worthy merchant scarcely approved; still, his ward was always so headstrong. She had failed to return to her home in Riddell's Close on the day appointed, and when John had sent messengers to convey her home they had been met at the door by Lady Seton's steward with the announcement that Mistress Egidia Grey was not in the house. She had gone a long ride into the country. They would let her cousins know when she returned.

"Who knows what mischief that wild lassie will have been up to!" he said to himself. "Still, Egidia is one who can fend for herself."

His real trouble was his own daughter.

For the tenth time Lilius had brought a grand plan of marriage which he had made for her all to naught. It had been the same with all her suitors; she would have none of them. Were both his dear girls to braid St. Catherine's tresses?

Once more he wished his wife alive as keenly as he did in the first year of widowhood.

"A maiden needs a mother at these times, even more than when she was a babe," said he to himself. "And there is no doubt that Lilius is not easy to choose for, half noble and half burgher as she is. I thought I had lit on the right man at last. Archie Flemming is a handsome man, the deacon of the bonnet makers, and with a fine house to offer her; but, no, she must give him the go-by, like all the others."

The door opened, and in came the offender.

Lilius, woman-grown and twenty-five, still was little and childish-looking. Her wealth of hair was twined in a knot at the back of her head, and hung in fair ringlets over her ears. A new string of great pearls encircled her neck, matching its purity, hiding themselves now and again in the folds of her flat lace collar. Green as an aquamarine was her sloping-shouldered, full-sleeved satin bodice cut in square tabs round the waist; green shot with silvery white, the colour of a wild lily-of-the-valley, her flowing skirts. In the dark panelled room she gleamed like a vision of spring.

"Father, the women say that Mariotte is worse!" she exclaimed. "Why have you forbidden me her chamber? The maidens cannot tend her as I should. She will be needing me, wondering why I keep away."

"I have sent for Doctor Paulitius," said her father. "After he has seen her, and pronounced upon her malady I may let you go to Mariotte. But for the present you must keep away. And obey me in this if in nothing else, my daughter," he added reproachfully.

"Father, why do you wish to send me away?" asked Lilius. "I am happy here with you. Why should I be married?"

"Because we are all growing older," said her father. "You are twenty-five, my bairn, though you do not look it. Most women of your standing are happy wives at that age. My life will not last as long as yours. King, Kirk, and Parliament are always fighting. It would ease my mind in my later years if I could see you married to a good husband, who would protect you in these troubled times after I am gone. What ailed you at Archie Flemming? The lad was well enough, and he loved you dearly."

"There is no man in the breadth and length of Scotland who could move me to thoughts of love," said Lilius. "I would sooner bide here with you and Egidia."

"Egidia, always Egidia!" said the father. "I know you are crazy over your cousin, and it is hindering your own settlement in life. It is the one thing that would make me rue having adopted Egidia if you should remain single for her sake. Have a care! One of these days she will be leaving you to wear the willow. Directly she sets her choice upon a worthy suitor, and she has many, I shall give her a dowry and a bridal feast fitting to her degree."

"There is a clatter of horses' hoofs in the court! Father, I believe here is Egidia now at last!" said Lilius. "Her foot is on the stair."

Two steps at a time up the broad, stone flight, regardless of long skirts and dignity, bounded the truant. She burst open the door and stood still a moment, shaken with excitement.

Egidia in her eight-and-twentieth year, and at that moment of secret triumph, was at the height of her dark and regal beauty. Like a glorious painting by Vandyke she glowed in the setting of the doorway, dressed in a wine-coloured riding-habit, full and flowing, with a falling lace collar, a black beaver hat turned up at the side with a creamy plume, long white doeskin gauntlets on her hands embroidered with seed-pearls.

The foster father who had meant to chide her reproached her indulgently instead.

"Where have you been all this long while, Egidia? Lilius and I have been wearying for you, fearful that ill had befallen you. What have you been doing?"

"Following your example, Cousin John, going down to the quay to see the ships come and go," said Egidia. "And, would you believe it? my ship has come home at last!"

As she spoke she advanced a few paces into the room, and they saw she was carrying something heavy on her left hip, in the loop of her riding skirt.

Forward she rushed, and pressed her little burden into the astonished merchant's hands.

"Here is every crown back that you have ever spent on me, Cousin John!" she cried. "My ship has come home, and I am as rich as you are."

CHAPTER 16

Wedding Bells

THE bewildered man let the money-bag slip down on the table. "Preserve us, Egidia!" he said. "Wherever got you all this gold? Not from the gaming table, I hope."

"No; this money was won by dirtier ways than by the shaking of the dice," said Egidia. "All the same, it is mine honestly, and there is plenty more whence it came. I have finished with thanking for benefits; it will be me to bestow them now. I shall buy you all the pretty things you are too prudent to purchase for yourself, Cousin John. You shall walk the High Street no longer in sober suits of black French cloth, but with fur on your collar and gold on your

hem. I shall take Lilius with me to Court, and marry her to an earl's son!"

"Egidia, where got you this wealth?" asked father and daughter in one breath.

"Well, you see, Henry Grey has not lived to be a hundred, as I once feared he would," she replied, sobering a little. "I almost desire I had not ill-wished him. A week ago his housekeeper sent me word at Lady Seton's that Henry had striven to rub up a rusty old sword of poor Alexander's for his own use, and had wounded his hand. The place was festering, and she could do nothing with him. When I got there yesterday he was dead. It was thought he might have lived if he had let the physician dress the sore; but he said he would far sooner die than spend good money on drugs and doctors."

"He wasted no money on lawyers either, for he made no will, and I am his next-of-kin, and heir to all his hoards. I am as rich as you are, my merchant prince; my own mistress too. I shall marry the man of my own choice, whoever says me nay. I am eight-and-twenty, and need trust to no man for a dowry. Sir George Dallas and I have settled it between us. His old mother has withdrawn her opposition now I am the heiress of Grey. So, if I cannot get your consent to our marriage, Cousin John, I must even do without it."

Half fiercely, half playfully, she took her guardian by the shoulders and shook him.

"An end to an old song now," said she. "No longer shall I hear a stubborn wee man saying, 'Egidia, marry a rich wooer and I will give you the dowry of an earl's daughter. Marry the poor man of your choice and not a penny shall you have from me.'"

"It was the only way I had of stopping the wooing," said John. "And it was not because he was poor I withheld my consent, but because he was a gambler."

"Father, the time has gone past for arguing," said Lilius pleadingly. "There had been a great tussle of wills between the baillie and Egidia over the spendthrift suitor on whom she had set her obstinate heart."

"True, as she says, she is her own mistress now," said he, his mind clearing from the confusion into which her headlong entry and unexpected news had cast it. "Only I must say it was ungently done of you, Egidia, to offer me that money for your maintenance all these years. What I gave you was for sheer love and affection, and is not to be paid for by gold."

"Take up your money again, Egidia," said Lilius. "You had no need to let your pride chafe at being beholden to us. All that has



The Most Valuable Substance in the World

Radium is the most valuable substance known, and, if there were more of it, no doubt an end would be put to most of our human sufferings, for its curative capabilities are widespread. Read the fascinating article on Radium in today's CHUMS, which is the first in a great series entitled "The World's Greatest Extremes."

CHUMS

The Paper for Manly Boys
SATURDAYS - - 2d.

ever been given you here has been amply repaid by the good cheer of your presence and the mirth and stir you have brought to this house."

"Take up your money, Egidia," repeated the father.

"Cousin John, it is yours," she returned, whipping her hands behind her back.

"Well, I shall put it by for you in a safe place at interest, for you will need it one day," said the merchant grimly. "When your fine bridegroom has spent the last penny of Henry's hoards (and they will all go the one way) you will be glad enough to come to old Cousin John and ask for the last that remains of your fortune. Who is that knocking at the door?" he broke off to say. "Come in!"

The door opened and the frightened face of Janet, the firewoman, was thrust in. "Master, master, Doctor Paulitius is without! He hath seen Mariotte and would fain speak with you."

The two maidens withdrew into the small inner room which belonged to Lilius. Its only outlook was on grim walls, so her father had caused the apartment to be painted with fair landscapes melting the one into the other, while the ceiling was blazoned with the thistle and the rose.

"What is all this coil about money?" demanded Egidia, biting her glove in vexation. "Money is meant to be spent. I would sooner make ducks and drakes of it in the Nor Loch than lay it by in a coffer. And life is meant to be lived. I am glad I am not like old Cousin John, who thinks of money above all earthly things, and has forgotten, or never knew, what true love means. I hope I'll not live till I am old."

"Speak not so of my father," said Lilius, firing up. "Very well he knows what love means. Did he not win my mother when he was poor, despite all her high-born kinsmen? He did not wait for a dowry to be given her. Neither her people's gold nor their steel mattered aught to him. If he is careful now about your gear it is for love's sake, and your own good. Lightly him not to me. I am as proud of my burgher father as you are of your Douglas blood."

"Hiss away, white kitten! Glare at me with your green eyes; bare your talons if needs be," said the elder girl, breaking into a good-humoured laugh. "Why, I think as much of Cousin John as you do. Quarrel no more with me, but wish me joy and let us plan the wedding."

"I shall be married in cramoisie, with a golden girdle and rubies at my neck and brow. And my love shall be dressed in murrey velvet, with borderings of miniver. When we pass by the people will turn, and say, 'She has got a stately groom!' for though I am so tall he overtops me by the head. When we are married we shall have the finest falcons to be found in Fair Isle and the fleetest horses in Scotland. And though we shall spend most of our days in England, upholding the cause of King Charles and his Queen, and making a brave show at Court, do not be afraid, Lilius, we shall not forsake the old country altogether. We shall keep estates and dwelling-places here still. I shall buy back George's inheritance for him and myself. Lathallan—"

"Egidia, not even to you shall I sell Lathallan," said Lilius. "I hold it in trust for Alexander. And do you and George Dallas beware of dipping too deep in Henry Grey's hoards, for if his younger half-brother came back from overseas, as come he may, he would be the rightful heir, not you."

"The same old bairnly craze again!" said Egidia in sharpening tones. "How can Alexander return? It is well-nigh ten years since our unhappy cousin fled from Leith under cloud of night and was drowned with the lave when the Golden Fleece went down."

"Egidia, there was one man saved from the wreck," protested Lilius.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The Oldest of Artists

THERE was once a very great artist who went on painting until he was 98 years old. And then it was not his advanced years that caused his death, for he died of the plague when he was 99.

Many artists have lived through rather troublesome times, for their style of painting has not always been liked, but this oldest of all painters had a life of almost uniform success.

He was born in a beautiful part of Italy lying inland from Venice. Indeed, the wooden piles on which Venice is largely built in the Adriatic Sea grew as trees in this mountainous part of Italy, and were floated down the rivers to the sea. The place of his birth, about 450 years ago, is called Cadore, and we can see the house to this day. His family was old and honourable; when he had succeeded as a painter he was made a Knight and a Count by the emperor of that day.

It seems as if he was greatly favoured by success throughout his life. When he was only ten he was sent to Venice to be trained as an artist, because his taste and skill in drawing had already been observed. He had the best of teaching (he studied under the two Bellinis and Giorgione), and was naturally very clever, and so by the time he was 23 years old he was painting pictures that were then thought to be masterpieces. If he had any cause for trouble all through his life as a master painter it was because people wanted him to paint more pictures than he could possibly produce in a reasonable time.

He was commissioned to paint pictures to adorn the Doge's (or Governor's) palace in Venice; but he was so long finishing one picture there, owing to other orders for pictures, that the picture at the palace was finished by another artist, though he returned later to carry out another piece of work.

This great artist found abundant work in Venice, and seldom left it except to visit his birthplace. Once he went to Rome and was made a freeman of that city.

When he was 70 he went a journey across the Alps to the Court of Charles the Fifth at Augsburg; and the year he died he began a large and important work for the Franciscans.

His pictures were very varied in subject. They included many portraits, though chiefly they were religious, mythological, and poetical. Now they are scattered over the capitals of Europe.

Five are in our National Gallery.

This very old and masterly painter was a friend of kings and popes, and personally popular wherever he went. Here is his portrait. What was his name?





Heaven is Not Reached at a Single Bound



THE BRAN TUB

Missing Vowels

BY placing the same vowel at the proper points among the consonants given here a sentence can be made. The end of a line does not necessarily mean the end of a word.

W L L J M T H N
K T H S S L K
S H R T S
H S

Can you find the missing vowel and fill in the gaps? *Answer next week*

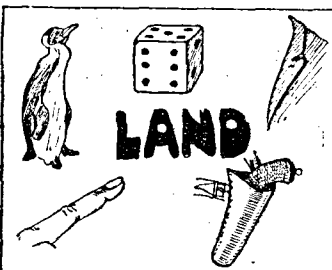
The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Weasel

The Weasel is common in most parts of the Northern Hemisphere, though strangely enough it is not found in Ireland. It lives in holes in banks or in deserted rabbit burrows and is about nine inches long, having remarkable energy for its size. Its coat is reddish-brown above and white beneath. In northern regions it turns white in winter. The Weasel is an enemy of rabbits, moles, rats, and field-mice, and by killing large numbers of these it prevents them from becoming a pest.

Pictorial Countries

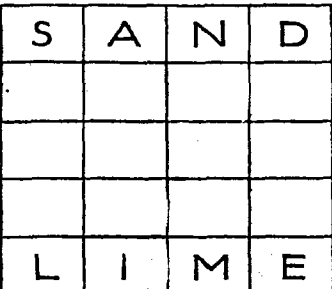


WHEN you have found the names of the objects shown here take three consecutive letters from each word and, by combining them with the word LAND, make the names of five countries. What are they? *Answer next week*

Do You Live at Reading?

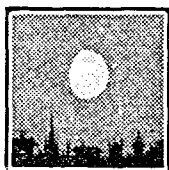
IN the old chronicles Reading is spelled Readingas, and the meaning is the "home of the descendants of Reada." That is a personal name meaning Red, and we have it today in the surnames Reid and Reade. Probably a red-haired or red-faced man lived at the place where Reading now stands, and as his descendants continued to live there the place was named after them.

Changeling



Change the word Sand into Lime with three intervening links, altering one letter at a time and making a common dictionary word with each change. The pictures will help you. *Answer next week*

Other Worlds Next Week



seen in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as seen looking South at 10.30 p.m. on May 30.

A Good Catch

HERE is an amusing way in which you may try to catch a friend. Tell him that you do not think he can button up his coat while you count twenty. He will feel sure that he can, and quite likely he will succeed in buttoning the coat within the time limit. It is almost certain, however, that he will start with the top button and work downward. Then you can point out that he has not fulfilled the conditions for, instead of buttoning up, he has buttoned down.

A Puzzle Pyramid

THE following clues indicate seven words which when placed one under the other will form a pyramid. The first line has, of course, only one letter, while the last has thirteen. The centre vertical line reading down spells the name of an English south-coast town.

The tail of a rat. A weight. Trouble or vexation. A bunch of flowers. To spread. A large bag. Scientist of the mind. *Answer next week*

Ici On Parle Français



La bouilloire Le juge La villa

Il y a de l'eau dans la bouilloire. Que fait le juge? Il lit la lettre. La villa est une maison de campagne.

Hints About Corks

HERE are a few useful hints about corks. When a cork is too large for a bottle it can often be made to fit by soaking it in boiling water for a few minutes. If this does not act cut a small wedge-shaped portion from one end.

A cork can be made both watertight and airtight by soaking it in oil for a moment or so.

A good method to prevent a cork coming out while travelling is to stick a piece of adhesive tape over the cork and down the neck of the bottle.

Boy on a Postage-Stamp

WE give here a reproduction of a new Rumanian stamp which bears a portrait of the boy King Michael. It is one of a series of eight, the design being the same in each case, but the colours, of course, are different. King Michael is just over five. He is not the only boy king whose portrait has appeared on a stamp, for the King of Spain also had this distinction.



A Charade

MY little criticising first
Is found on either side;
My faithful second wears the judge
With dignity and pride;
My whole delights in summer flowers
And lovely autumn's fruitful bowers. *Answer next week*

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE missel thrush stops singing. Young linnets and whitethroats are fledged. The quail's song is first heard. The common sandpiper is seen. The swallow-tail butterfly appears. The garden carpet moth and puss moth are seen. The four-spotted dragon-fly appears. The wood scorpion-grass, evergreen oak, ox-eye daisy, hoary plantain, wood sanicle, hound's tongue, common sorrel, goose-grass, yellow rattle, marsh orchis, red bryony, syringa, and common elder are in blossom.

Jacko in the Wars

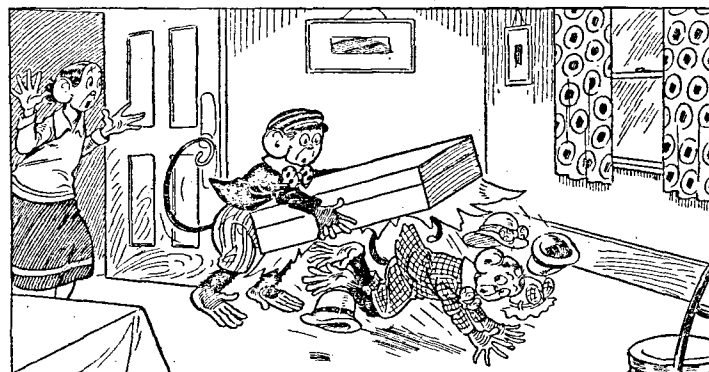
MR. JACKO was very angry when a loud bang disturbed his nap one Saturday afternoon. "It's that boy, I know it is!" he declared.

It certainly was Jacko—and his friend Chimp. The young rascals had been playing cricket in the parlour, and when Mr. Jacko burst into the room there was a handsome vase lying on the ground smashed to atoms.

Mr. Jacko took in the situation at a glance. He told Jacko to go to his study and wait for him there.

"And as for you, sir," he added, turning to Chimp, "leave the house at once!"

Chimp went like a flash. But he didn't go very far, and when Jacko came back to the parlour a little later, feeling



There was a rending noise and out fell Chimp

distinctly sorry for himself, he heard a low "Cooee!" from outside the window.

"That you, Chimp?" he answered, and the next minute Chimp's head appeared over the window-sill.

"Is the coast clear?" he asked. "Right! I'm coming in." And in he came with a bound.

"I should stay away if I were you," said Jacko gloomily. "I can tell you I've just had what for."

"Oh, your pater's fast asleep and snoring," said Chimp jauntily. "I've just peeped in the study window. Come on, let's finish our game!"

But his smile suddenly died away. Somebody had turned the handle of the door.

Quick as lightning Chimp pulled the lid off a big cardboard box which was standing in a corner of the room. He was nowhere to be seen when Mrs. Jacko came in. "I want you to go to a shop with a parcel for me, Jacko," she said.

"Where's the parcel?" growled Jacko.

"There!" said Mrs. Jacko, pointing to the big box which Chimp had clambered into. "Take it to Madame Chic, and tell her I am keeping one of the hats she sent on approval."

Jacko's face was a study. "All right, Mater; I'll go in a minute," he said.

"You will go now!" said Mrs. Jacko firmly. "I want to see you out of the house before you make a noise and wake up your father again."

There was nothing for it. Jacko had to pick up the box under the watchful eyes of his mother. With Chimp inside, it was as heavy as lead. Poor Jacko could hardly lift it.

"Whatever are you making such a fuss about?" asked Mrs. Jacko. "Why, it's only a cardboard box!"

It unfortunately was only a cardboard box. Suddenly there was a rending noise, and out through the bottom fell Chimp under a shower of hats!

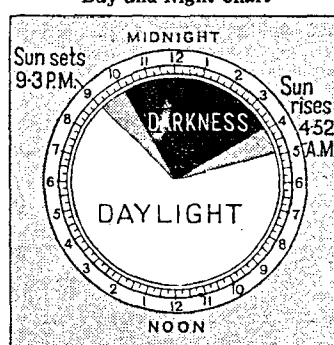
Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
London	5805..6194..4644..3879	
Birmingham	1462..1421..869..876	
Manchester	1127..1082..772..718	
Dublin	818..735..525..591	
Leeds	705..616..503..462	
Bristol	544..517..391..303	
Nottingham	365..378..271..250	
Cardiff	319..342..210..212	
Brighton	198..163..172..111	
Norwich	159..194..117..111	
Stockport	137..175..134..102	
Luton	69..73..47..43	

The four weeks end April 28, 1928

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

DR. MERRYMAN

The Curious Part of It

A GREAT talker who was boring the party with a long story exclaimed at the end: "Well, gentlemen, does not that astonish you?" "What astonishes me," replied the quiet man in the corner, "is that we have ears to listen to you while we have feet to get away."

A Golden Deed

THE bright youth who was about to move a small handbag from the only vacant seat in the railway carriage was pounced upon by a grumpy man in the opposite corner.

"That seat is taken!" My friend will be back in a moment.

"Sorry," said the bright youth, as he jumped back on the platform.

He waited till the guard blew his whistle and then, as nobody appeared to claim the empty seat, he sprang in, and flung the handbag out on to the platform.

"It wouldn't do for your friend to lose his bag as well as his train," he remarked sweetly to the grumpy man, as the train glided out of the station.

Wouldn't Do for the Lawn

TOM: Frank is growing too upish for anything. I cut him today; just ignored him, you know. It did the trick all right.

Mary: I wish my lawn were as sensitive.

Out of Place



UPON a table set for tea Winkles quite popular may be, But Snap would rather pay a dollar Than have a wrinkle on his collar.

How Editors Suffer

EDITORS all over the world suffer from questioners. Here is the latest story.

Peggy: Daddy, what did the Dead Sea die of?

Daddy: Oh, I don't know, child!

Peggy: Daddy, where do dreams go when you wake up?

Daddy: I don't know.

Peggy: Daddy, why did God put so many bones in the fishes?

Daddy: I don't know that, either.

Peggy: Goodness gracious, Daddy, who made you an editor?

Less Risky

CLIENT (to lawyer who has got him acquitted on a charge of house-breaking): I'm sure I'm very much indebted to you, sir. I'll never forget it. I'll look you up again some time.

Lawyer: Oh, do. But I should prefer a daytime call.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Word Square

D I A L
I O W A
A W O I
L A I R

Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's cross word puzzle:



A Hidden People. Eskimos

Jumbled Towns
Liverpool, Vienna, Cardiff, Dresden, Manchester, Florence, Brussels, Moscow, Marseilles, Amsterdam, Cambridge, Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Berlin, Antwerp, Edinburgh, Madrid.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 26, 1928 Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

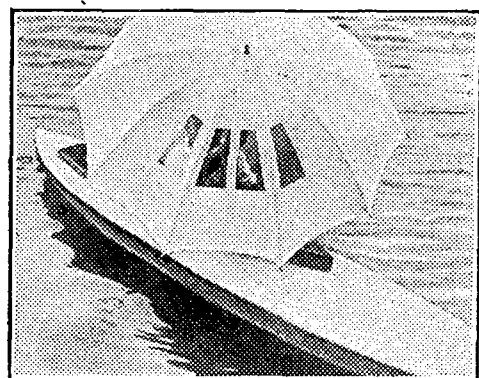
UMBRELLA AS A SAIL · SOUTH AFRICAN COWBOYS · MUSEUM SALE ROOM



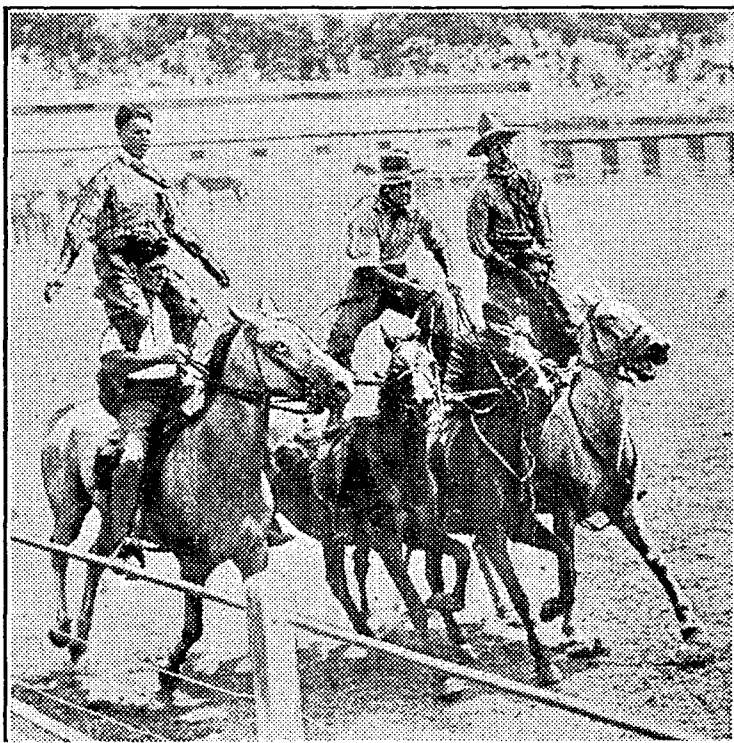
Bandstand as a Classroom—There are many open-air schools throughout the country, but surely one of the strangest is this class for London children with poor health, which is held in the bandstand at Parliament Hill Fields near Hampstead Heath.



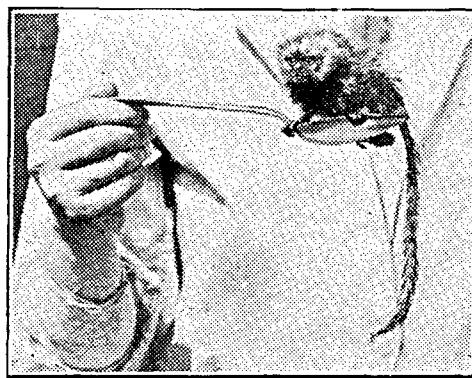
After the Holiday—The Zoo is one of London's most popular bank-holiday resorts, and in spite of appeals to the public to use the bins provided vast quantities of litter are thrown about. Here we see men clearing up after a bank holiday.



Umbrella as a Sail—This novel sail is said to be very efficient for small craft. Unbreakable glass windows allow a clear field of vision ahead.



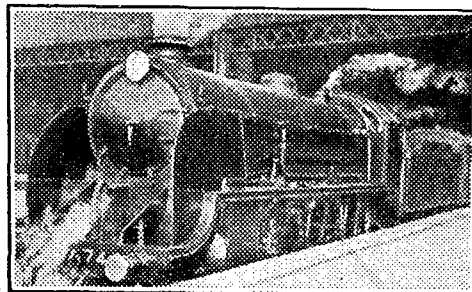
South African Cowboys—The films have perhaps taught us to think of cowboys solely in connection with the Wild West. The feats of these South African rough-riders, however, are equal to any of those performed by the cowboys of the films.



A Spoonful of Monkey—This tiny creature from Brazil, which weighs only an ounce, is one of the smallest pigmy marmosets to reach London.



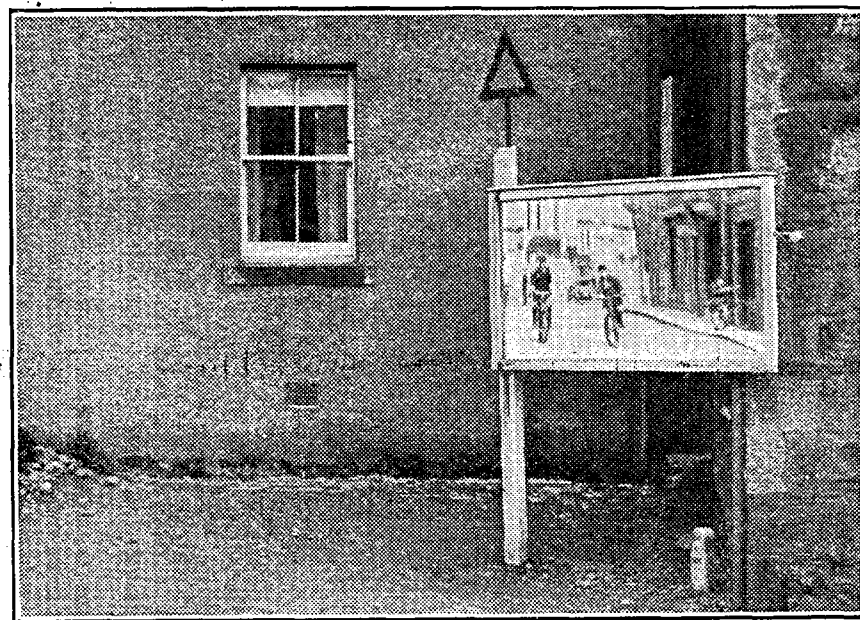
A Procession of Bells—Sydney University has a carillon as a war memorial. Here the bells are seen on the last stage of their journey from England.



King Arthur's Shield—Engines of the King Arthur class are being fitted with two shields which cause an up-draught to carry smoke clear of the cabin.



Sale Room in a Museum—Few people who see the treasures in the Victoria and Albert Museum know that copies of the sculptures may be bought quite cheaply. Visitors are here seen inspecting copies of the statuettes, ornaments, and so on, in the sale room.



Seeing Round the Corner—Many towns in Scotland as well as in England are adopting the excellent idea of placing mirrors at dangerous crossings so that approaching traffic can see what is happening round the corner. This mirror has been set up at Comrie in Perthshire.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE HUMAN RACE? SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE

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